

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1894.

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AT THE DOG DOCTOR'S.
(From the picture by F. HALL.)

ONCE A WEEK

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Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 523 West 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK." Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the announcement in ONCE A WEEK.

The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

The silver lining to the dark cloud is at last visible. Business is reviving, and good times are ahead.

MR. CROKER, in his famous interview, said something like this: "Look here! what are you going to do about it?" Seems we have heard that question before.

THE EMPEROR of Germany will try to get the Excelsior diamond, said to be the largest in the world, and to be worth five million dollars. His majesty wants the gem for his new crown, now being made in Berlin.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has resolved to leave the Hawaiian business to Congress. More sensible than his first resolve to settle it *à la Cleveland*. But, look here! how would it do to leave Hawaii to the Hawaiians? Something like that was at the bottom of our tea-throwing-overboard, in Boston.

How nice to be a boss and an ex-boss. Here we have Boss Platt made receiver of the New York & New England Railroad, and ex-Boss Hugh J. Grant made receiver of the St. Nicholas Bank. To the victors belong the spoils, truly. Let us wish Tom and Hugh all the compliments of the season. But Santa Claus has been real good to them already.

Is the spider or its bite a poisonous substance? About a month ago Charles W. Weis, of Rochester, N. Y., was bitten by a large spider, and was confined to his house for three weeks. He holds a policy with the Guarantee and Accident Lloyd's, of New York City, and claims twenty-five dollars a week for the three weeks. The company resists payment on the ground that, under the terms of the policy, it is not liable for accidents caused by coming in contact with a poisonous substance. The question will be tested.

MR. WARD McALLISTER is anxious to have the sons of rich Americans imitate the daughters, and marry titles abroad. He doesn't claim that it will improve the status of the American gentleman, but he does think that it will give tone to our monogram paper. It is an open question, in New York, whether the cynicism of Oscar Wilde, or the seriousness of Ward McAllister, is the most to be pitied. The only disagreeable distinction is that one is the leavings of European despair, and the other is the exorcism on American honesty.

If there was anything needed to give the anarchist scare in Europe a Rider Haggard twist, it was the news that Baron Friedrich von Stackelberg is the wealthy backer of the dynamite throwers, and proposed to purchase the Island of Worms, on the west coast of England, to establish there a sort of headquarters of destruction. It was pretty certain, from the start, that anarchism would sooner or later become, like piracy, an impossibility, but we never dreamed of its becoming romantic first. But when Europe is scared, she is already half fictitious.

THERE have often been protracted disputes as to the legal status of a kiss stolen, but we don't remember to have heard of a reliable decision that was not upset at

some time or other, until a test case came up in the little Dutch kingdom. But now the Court of Appeals of Holland has settled the point that kissing cannot be an offense, neither robbery nor assault, since it is a warm mark of sympathy, admiration or love. The defendant in the case was a youth who met a girl on the streets of Utrecht, and saluted her without permission. We tremble to think what may be the outcome of this remarkable decision.

THE *London Times* quotes De Tocqueville, John Stuart Mill and other liberal authors to prove that a British federation patterned on our American Union would never do for the old world, and especially for England, Ireland and the other parts of Britain's empire. Wonder if these dead European authorities know better what is good for Ireland than the people of that country? Some of them used to preach the divine right of kings, but that has been exploded everywhere. There is a very short cut to the feelings of the Irish people. Put Home Rule to the voters of Ireland and see what the result will be. If England wants to be fair she will yield to that test.

THERE was quite a breeze about town for at least five minutes, day after Christmas, occasioned by a false report that a crank had attempted to assassinate the militant Dr. Parkhurst. Investigation established the fact that some poor devil, affected, no doubt, with too much Christmas turkey or pudding, had simply flourished a long knife in a Harlem police station, saying he was looking for Dr. Parkhurst. He was clubbed so badly in the station that surgical aid was required. Great police force—"the finest," in fact. But had such a thing occurred in London, the police would have been severely punished. Doesn't it strike the authorities in Mulberry Street as odd that so much force should have been required to overcome one poor crank—and in the police station itself?

ONE of the sad reminders that enterprise kills romance has just come to hand. An American firm has taken a contract in Venice to supply naphthalene launches for the grand canal. This sounds the doom of the memorial gondolier, that troubadour who has been preserved to us in spite of railroads and Wagner. Many a fair tourist will hear this news with dismay, for it has been the dream of love for centuries to go to Venice, and lie in a stately gondola and hear the songs of Tuscany, accompanied by the silvery wash of the paddle, on those moonlit lagoons. But we must brace ourselves to the inevitable. The locomotive waits for us on the Sea of Galilee, and Mr. Marion Crawford says the messenger boy ran between his legs on the Acropolis. All we are waiting for is a trolley down to the Dead Sea.

THE ladies of Chicago who invited Mr. Stead, the English editor, once in charge of the *Pull Mall Gazette*, to speak before them, are justly indignant over his remark that among his auditors were not only the useful and active workers, "but some of the most disreputable people in Chicago." We are glad they are indignant and shocked, and we hope it will be a warning. There is too much of this spaniel trait among our countrymen, who kiss the hand that cudgels them. Think of our American men and women feting a celebrity like Paul Bourget, who has put on record his opinion that the people of this country are not half civilized. Think of Stead calling others "disreputable," considering the character of his own offenses against decency in the columns of the *Pull Mall Gazette*, under the pretense of exposing vice.

NOTHING PHENOMENAL ABOUT IT.

"PROFITABLE ADVERTISING," a Boston publication, devoted to newspaper circulation and the interests of advertisers, contains the following item:

"The phenomenal growth of ONCE A WEEK to a circulation of nearly 400,000 is a splendid result of brilliant management combined with capital."

There is nothing phenomenal about the matter. It is simply the result of legitimate business enterprise, conducted on business principles. We give far more than the worth of subscription money paid for ONCE A WEEK—that is to say, far more than is given by any other similar paper in the world. We are contented with the smallest percentage of profit, because, as stated by one of our correspondents the other day, Mr. Gordon Hiles, of Georgia, our aim is to develop American literary talent, and, at the same time, to spread before the public the best works of foreign authors also. Large sales, small and quick profits, is our policy, which we have succeeded in carrying out, in spite of an unscrupulous opposition on the part of monopolists that has been unparalleled.

THE Gilbert Islands in the equatorial Pacific are sixteen in number and have an area of one hundred and sixty-seven miles. They were at one time offered by the king to the United States, but refused. The British Colonial Office has just announced that the entire group have been in the possession of Great Britain since June, 1892. The national conscience here escaped a severe shock, and the British conscience is as serene as ever.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS AT LAST.

LET us begin the new year 1894 without a too gloomy retrospect. The worst is certainly past. We have advices from all parts of the country indicating this. When the tariff is revised on the conservative lines now in sight, people will settle down to business. The late depression will have been to many a dearly bought but valuable lesson in economy and business prudence.

There is room in this country for all. The creative energy of intelligent labor and enterprising, cautious capital will show results in the future much more substantial than in the past, if not so wide-reaching and rapid and brilliant. The voice of confidence and courageous prevision is already audible in the legislative halls of State and nation, and at the helm of great industrial enterprises. The onward course is clear, though in the wake of our ship wrecks of one kind and another are strewn. But we need not turn back. The onward progress of this daring new craft of ours has been marked by worse wrecks before now, and never before have the crew encountered such a storm as that which we have just weathered.

The year 1894 promises to be the best year yet. It is a year in which the American people will take advantage of opportunities hitherto neglected. The Columbian craft is all right. All aboard!

We all must contribute our share to the new revival, and make ourselves felt with the fresh energy. Confidence is essential, but nothing save a united effort will do the work. The cry of hard times is hostile to both confidence and effort. It is demoralizing, discouraging and full of excuses for the unwilling, and for those who do not care. Drop it! We must make the best of the situation. We must put our shoulders to the wheel. There is no use in repining. There is no sense in it. It will butter no parsnips. A united and determined effort is what is wanted. Now is the time to make it. All together! Hard work and sound ideas, governed by good judgment, will overcome all obstacles.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOSSISM.

WE do not bind ourselves to accept the theory suggested by our clever artist in his cartoon about the *Herald's* sudden onslaught upon the Tammany ring and its boss. We are unwilling to believe that the sagacious proprietor and editor of the *Herald* was moved to the act by feelings of revenge resulting from Mr. Croker's refusal to reappoint Howland Robbins as Fire Commissioner. The fact is, Henry Winthrop Grey is as much the friend of James Gordon Bennett as the redoubtable Robbins. But we lay no claim to infallibility, and our artist may be nearer the truth than we suspect. At all events, we believe in giving great latitude to our artists—in fact, almost complete latitude, to be restrained only within the limits of decency and fair dealing. Therefore we allow the cartoon to appear for what it may be worth.

In one particular, we must admit, the artist is correct beyond a doubt. James Gordon Bennett knows how to wait, and when to strike with effect. Whether or not his motive is the public good, or the gratification of private revenge, matters not. The effect is the same. He has dealt a trenchant blow at the boss and bossism which challenges public attention, and spreads consternation among all the arrogant and greedy place-holders, who know that prosperity and success depend upon the good favor of the voters.

The condition of affairs in our city assuredly does remind the impartial observer of what existed just before the downfall of the famous Tweed Ring. There is the same arrogance and vulgar self-assertiveness of the leaders; the same sudden and unexplained accumulation of wealth by men who, four or five years ago, inhabited the third stories of flats, with scarce enough income to meet modest rents; the same stolid indifference to public opinion; the same daring recklessness in appointing to offices of trust men notoriously unfit; the same hardy defiance of law and private rights; the same bribery and corruption at elections, and the same domineering dictation and meddling with the votes of legislators. For aught we know, too, there may be the same control of the judiciary as in the Tweed times. The last bulwark of decent government and protection from ruffians in office—always excepting aroused public opinion—ought to be the courts, and Heaven grant that that bulwark has not been undermined!

As yet the evidence is not apparent that, in addition to other suspected evils, the judiciary is corrupt, or at the command of mere party leaders. Let us, therefore, give it the benefit of the doubt. But of one thing we are reasonably certain. Many men in office have become suddenly very rich on modest enough salaries. The explanation vouchsafed is that such wealth is the legitimate result of private business. What private business? No one states. Why not? If the business is legitimate, why this difficulty in explanation?

It is not very long since the responsible head of the Tammany organization declared that he did not want men in office whose private affairs would not enable them to give sufficient time to the public interests. Then why retain in office men whose alleged income from outside sources is five or tenfold greater than their pay as city officials? Are we to be told that this marvelously sudden accretion of wealth requires no special

attention; that the lucky officials have discovered some short road to honorable wealth demanding no care nor supervision; some new Aladdin's lamp, as it were, which its possessors have only to rub, and the gold rolls into their laps from Heaven knows where? We are not good enough, in these later days, to credit such marvelous tales. Nor can we ignore the fact that, until very recently, the times were too hard to sleep over business and allow it to take care of itself. And yet it was during the days of depression and shrinkage, now happily at an end, that these prosperous officials gathered in their hoards and blossomed into men of substance and numerous appointments. Hard times did not affect them, and never would have disturbed their calm content but for the hard knocks.

It was when these were felt, and seemed to promise more and harder knocks, that the chief of the tribe of lucky officials was moved to have an interview with himself, and give it to the newspapers for publication. Let us own that the interview was uncommonly well done. Let us admit that its reputed author, Richard Croker, Esq., would have made a capital reporter. Perhaps when the grand smash-up of "the organization" comes, the great man will join the press and display his talent in bossing that also.

But let us see what this interview was, and let us be fair. In it Mr. Croker denies all the charges made against himself and his organization. He says they are the work of disappointed office-seekers and rivals, and boldly charges that many of the accusers were driven out of office and out of Tammany for the good of Tammany and the good of the city. It happens that just about the same time the interview was published scores of men, who were not driven out of Tammany, were taken into custody for gross violations of the election laws. Mr. Croker's denial and the wholesale arrest of scores of his supporters do not fit well together.

It happens, too, that the police force is not only charged with countenancing vice, but that many of its most important members are on trial for protecting gambling dens and other pernicious establishments not necessary to mention. This does not tally with Mr. Croker's boast that the city was never so well governed as it is to-day, under Tammany rule, and that all the outcry against this rule is the work of envious rivals and greedy fellows who are out and want to get in.

ONCE A WEEK seldom meddles with mere political squabbles, but it is not the less, therefore, interested in securing good government for the city, State and nation. It believes that the time has come for every independent, honest journal to raise the voice of warning, and condemn this system of irresponsible government by bosses, who control governors, mayors and their subordinates, and defy public opinion. In one respect, at least, Mr. Croker's attitude is like that of the famous Tweed, who snapped his fingers in the face of all his accusers, and impudently asked: "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Mr. Tweed, too, like Mr. Croker, boasted that New York was never so well governed as under his regime. Mr. Tweed, too, when the outcry arose against him, called for the indorsement of business men, whose counsels and assistance he had previously despised. But, as the *Herald* declared, the indorsement came too late. The ring was overwhelmed, its leaders scattered all over the earth, fleeing with their ill-gotten wealth from the hand of justice.

But let us be fair. We do not accuse Mr. Croker of Tweed's crimes. We do not charge him with being a public robber. But the fact remains that his system of governing and dictating is just the same as Tweed's. If he is wise, he will step down before it is too late, and give his energies to the new field of action he has chosen. Let him exchange his Tammany kingdom for the horse.

NERO was suffering from a partial fracture of the femur, or thigh-bone. A female admirer bit him in that region a little while ago, and came back and bit him again the day after Christmas, and the femur began to swell so that Nero had to be taken to the doctor. The New York College of Veterinary Surgeons fixed up the limb three days later. If Nero will stay quiet for six weeks, he will be all as nice as a fiddle. If he does not, he may get bitten again. Nero is a young and foolish performing lion fourteen months old, at one of the New York museums. He has not until now felt how sharper than a cross-cut saw is the tooth of an old lioness that has learned the ropes of New York. When he gets well, he will choose better company—some young, charming creature like himself. But, for the present, his best plan is to keep away from all of them.

HUGH O. PENTECOST, atheist, socialist and iconoclast in general, against the modern world as it is, is named for assistant district attorney at New York. Come to think of it, perhaps the office itself and the seven thousand five hundred dollars attached to it, may straighten out some of Hugh's intellectual and oratorical kinks. He is a fluent talker. Having read Haeckel, Gegenbauer and others, and having been "converted from the ministry" by their sea-deep delvings into cosmos and protoplasm, he ought to be just the man to unravel the tangled defenses made for murderers and others by Hummel, Howe, Brooke, Sullivan and others of the New York Bar. Let Mr. Pentecost in the Wigwam—front door, please.

THE schooner *Henry Crosby*, Captain Stubbs, flying the American flag, arrived near the port of Azua, San Domingo, on the afternoon of December 9th. The captain, receiving no visit from customs officers, sent a boat ashore to inquire of two men he saw there if that were really the port of Azua. The answer was yes; and the

men pulled from the shore. The two men began to fire, and soon were joined by twenty more. One of Captain Stubbs' men was dangerously, perhaps fatally, wounded. About one hundred and fifty shots in all were fired. The letter containing these and other particulars of the affair has been referred to the State Department at Washington, and the *Kearsarge* has started for San Domingo to see about it.

A COMMERCIAL treaty has been negotiated between Germany and Russia. It is a reciprocity treaty. Neither country modifies its existing customs duties without receiving advantages in kind from the other. These two countries are supposed to be ready for war with each other, and yet they are, in the meantime, swapping home markets with a view to mutual advantage. Then why should not this country try a little reciprocity with our near neighbors of Mexico, South America and Canada? Is it because James G. Blaine is dead?

ANDREW CARNEGIE offers to contribute as much as all other persons, up to five thousand dollars a day for the next sixty days, to prevent destitution and suffering among Pittsburgh workmen. Accompanied by his wife, he has sailed for Egypt. His factory will run all winter, even at a loss. He has already filled a contract for the structural iron for Arnold, Constable & Co.'s new building, in New York, at a total loss of ten thousand dollars.

GOVERNOR LEWELLING of Kansas has removed Mrs. Lease from the head of the State Board of Charities, on the ground that more harmony was needed in that body. The real reason for the governor's action is that Mrs. Lease, in a published interview, expressed the opinion that all the State officers, from the governor down, were booblers and thieves. The lady says now that she will be a firebrand to Governor Lewelling in the future.

THE New York and New England Railroad has gone into the hands of a receiver—William T. Hart, who represents the second mortgage bondholders. But the second mortgage bondholders are, chiefly, the directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, an opposition line. Therefore, the latter will be likely to gobble up its rival, for the second mortgage interest covers nearly all of the doomed railroad.

THE monitor *Miantonomoh* has started for Rio Janeiro. She was built for coast defense, but is probably sufficiently sea-going to get to Rio in about a month. Still, it does not look like first-class management to send her so far while we have fast-sailing cruisers more fit for service down there, and while our present naval force at or near Rio is greater than that of any other foreign government.

GIRARD, O., had one policeman on the night of December 27, 1893. Burglars, who visited the place to loot a store, found him in their way. They bound and gagged him, so that Girard had no policeman fit for service, and then seismically went through the store. The moral of which is, that even a small town needs more than one night policeman in these days of systematic lawlessness.

MAYOR BOYD, of Johnstown, Pa., held court, December 29th, and assessed fines aggregating eight hundred dollars against gamblers and the keepers of gambling-houses. The convicted knights of the green cloth now say they will institute proceedings against the mayor and other city officials for gambling by throwing dice for turkeys a few days before Christmas.

FERDINAND WARD, the ex-Napoleon of Finance, who made big but crooked money in Wall Street some years ago, and has since paid the penalty for some of his methods in State prison, is now a printer in the metropolis, and lives quietly with his son close to his place of employment. He is very popular among his fellow-workmen, and is much liked by his employer.

ELIZABETH PETTY, an aged woman who lived alone in a foul den at 79 Commerce Street, Newark, N. J., was found murdered in her sleeping room one day last week. Her estate is said to be worth thirty thousand dollars. The house was rummaged for hidden money. The police have a man and wife under surveillance.

GLADSTONE received a host of visitors on his eighty-fourth birthday, December 29th, and was overwhelmed with presents and congratulations. He worked in his study, took a drive, and was at his post as usual in the House of Commons.

SOMEBODY in Topeka, Kan., attached the pension of an ex-soldier of the Union for debt. Attorney-General Little decides, of course, that the attachment is void. But, then, the ex-soldier should pay the debt, if it is an honest one.

CAPTAIN WILSON and his command of two hundred British soldiers were annihilated by the Matabeles, in South Africa, on the 8th of December. The news has been confirmed by native runners. All England is aroused.

AN infernal machine, addressed, "The President, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.," was picked up in an alley, at Loveland, Col., last week. The work of some crank, no doubt, who finally became scared at himself.

THE Bohemian Diet, at Prague, is following the example of the Austrian Parliament, and will give immediate and special attention to economic questions, with special reference to the rights of laborers and agriculturists.

At a special meeting, the Board of Trade of Salem, Ore., denied the statements of Governor Penneyer, in his letter to the President, among others, the statement that there is widespread destitution in that State.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad, being in the hands of receivers, courts at different points along the line have granted injunctions restraining the employees from striking and tying up the road.

WHEAT reached fifty-nine cents at Chicago, one day last week. Nobody seems to want it. The people are going the way of David, and are forgetting to eat their bread.

MURAVIEFF, a young man of great talent, who conducted the prosecution against the five assassins of Alexander II., has been appointed Minister of Justice.

THE Rev. Jonathan Bell and wife are in jail, at Astoria, L. I. They are charged with neglecting their children, two of whom died without medical attendance.

MORE than half of the capital of the St. Nicholas Bank, of New York, is gone; the impairment amounts to about two hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

ANNA WAGNER, on trial, at Indianapolis, for over a month, charged with the murder of Mrs. Charles Koester and her four children, has been acquitted.

AN autograph letter from Pope Leo XIII., to the Czar, complaining of the persecution of Catholics in Poland, is the reigning sensation in Europe.

THE Knights of Labor will protest against the proposed issue of two hundred million dollars of interest bearing bonds.

REFORMERS from every State will meet in Philadelphia, this month, to discuss schemes for the better government of cities.

PRENDERGAST has been found guilty of the murder of Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, the jury fixing the death penalty.

GLADSTONE has answered the appeals of the unemployed in Great Britain by saying that government is not a charity.

THE *Nietheroy* is having trouble with her dynamite gun at Pernambuco. Well—is not that what she is looking for?

EMBASSADOR RUNYON and his wife have been received in the most cordial manner by Empress Augusta, at Potsdam.

YELLOW-FEVER has appeared at Rio Janeiro. Peixoto and Mello ought to make up and fight the scourge.

THE Hawaiian matter has been dropped by Democrats in the House. Will England pick it up?

SOME of the great battleships of England and France are topheavy.

A GREAT DETECTIVE STORY.

THE average detective story is very much like every other one of its class. In the hands of the ordinary writer of fiction, it has grown to be more or less of a bore to the experienced and discriminating reader of fiction. But here is a detective story, "Lecoo," by Emile Gaboriau, the eminent French novelist, that is a real work of art. In this powerful presentation of a complicated mystery, and its unravelment, there are scenes from the real criminal annals of Paris that are so vivid as to lead the reader into an utterly unknown world.

Emile Gaboriau is one of the great masters of fiction, and it will be a genuine treat to ONCE A WEEK readers when they read a detective story by him that is a detective story. The narrative is long, thoroughly worked out, cleared up to the last line, so as to leave no unanswered wonder in the mind. The first volume of "Lecoo" will be mailed to all regular subscribers with Vol. XII., No. 14, of ONCE A WEEK.

OUR CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

WE published in our last issue the name of the prize-winner in our Christmas Acrostic Competition. The puzzle was not a very deep one, and as might have been expected, we were deluged with replies to it. These were not all correct, however, and a great many subscribers sent only the "Compliments" and neglected to write out the acrostic in full. The following is a list of the subscribers whose solutions were perfectly correct:

A. E. Le Richeux, James S. Darling, Fred J. Young, Mrs. J. A. Bays, C. Williamsen, Mrs. Louis Daleman, Arthur E. Delf, Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. Johnson, James F. Adamson, F. L. Harvey, Charles Hissong, Thomas W. Street, F. W. Haskel, W. D. Tharrin, Miss Gussie Pierson, George Sellers, F. M. Scrogg, William E. Louman, Mary E. Spilman, I. Cohen, William S. McDonough, W. C. Hamilton, J. E. Payne, Henry Vier, George R. Perkins, C. R. Coffin, J. Frederick Reece, Mrs. George Weyl, Gertrude Gillyuly, S. Mazzoni, F. P. McDermott, Ed. Griffiths, Joseph E. Laub, William H. Knitton, Teresa Connolly, R. S. Kemp, T. J. Lack, Eugene Primeau, N. H. Spaulding, P. B. Anderson, David W. Morgan, W. J. Burke, Horace D. Reeve, J. Harry Laux, Fred J. O'Keefe, Mrs. T. H. Allen, R. S. Clarke, Thomas P. Graham, E. E. Hammer, A. M. Hanson, John Mulhale, W. H. Oliver, Jacob Backer, Granville Fernald, Marion Leslie, Mrs. W. S. Gidley, A. C. Douse, Laura M. Springer, Annie F. Hargrove, Mrs. J. L. McElhoy, Bernard Howard, C. E. Kemble, John A. Scrivener, Thomas Piggott, Mrs. M. Sprague, R. Tanner, W. S. Curdy, Mrs. E. M. Collins, Charles F. Cobb, Percy Van York, Mrs. H. E. Pratt, A. H. Gilbert, Mrs. R. Ainsworth, A. L. Keese, Alice M. Fletcher, Frank C. Whitney, J. S. Deiker, Arthur Wilson, Jos. E. Borden, Harry A. Jones, Ed. O. Smith, John H. Ulrich, Wm. Tattersall, Miss F. Purkin, D. P. Mauser, E. S. Brodie, Walter McGreevy, A. M. Leonard, William Gleason, J. A. Williams, Florence Hart, James Cregg, H. Goldman, Mrs. M. F. Speck, Mrs. D. A. Reid, George O'Neill, Alta M. Shaw, L. Tillinghast, Mrs. Pinkerton, Roy Brown, Starling Swigert, Mrs. A. M. White, B. M. Brown, C. E. Damren, J. C. Dalton, A. P. Miller, J. C. Ward, Sarah Lichtig, H. P. Lorey, Ed. Klesslich, Minnie Olson, Mrs. L. A. Hardy, J. Lohman, Mrs. Simmon, Louis Giemans, L. Prudhomme, Max Wagner, E. A. Crawford, Mrs. F. O. Fitts, Mrs. W. A. Kidd, Mrs. Hitchcock, C. S. Hart, Lulie Wiener, Mrs. G. B. Hebel, Mary S. McLeod, H. A. Allyn, F. W. Sprague, E. B. Iman, C. H. Cabaugh, and many others.

A GREAT PLAN.

Mrs. Spratt—"How have you managed to keep your last servant so long?"

Mrs. Wilk—"I'll tell you. I thought up a great scheme, and it works to perfection."

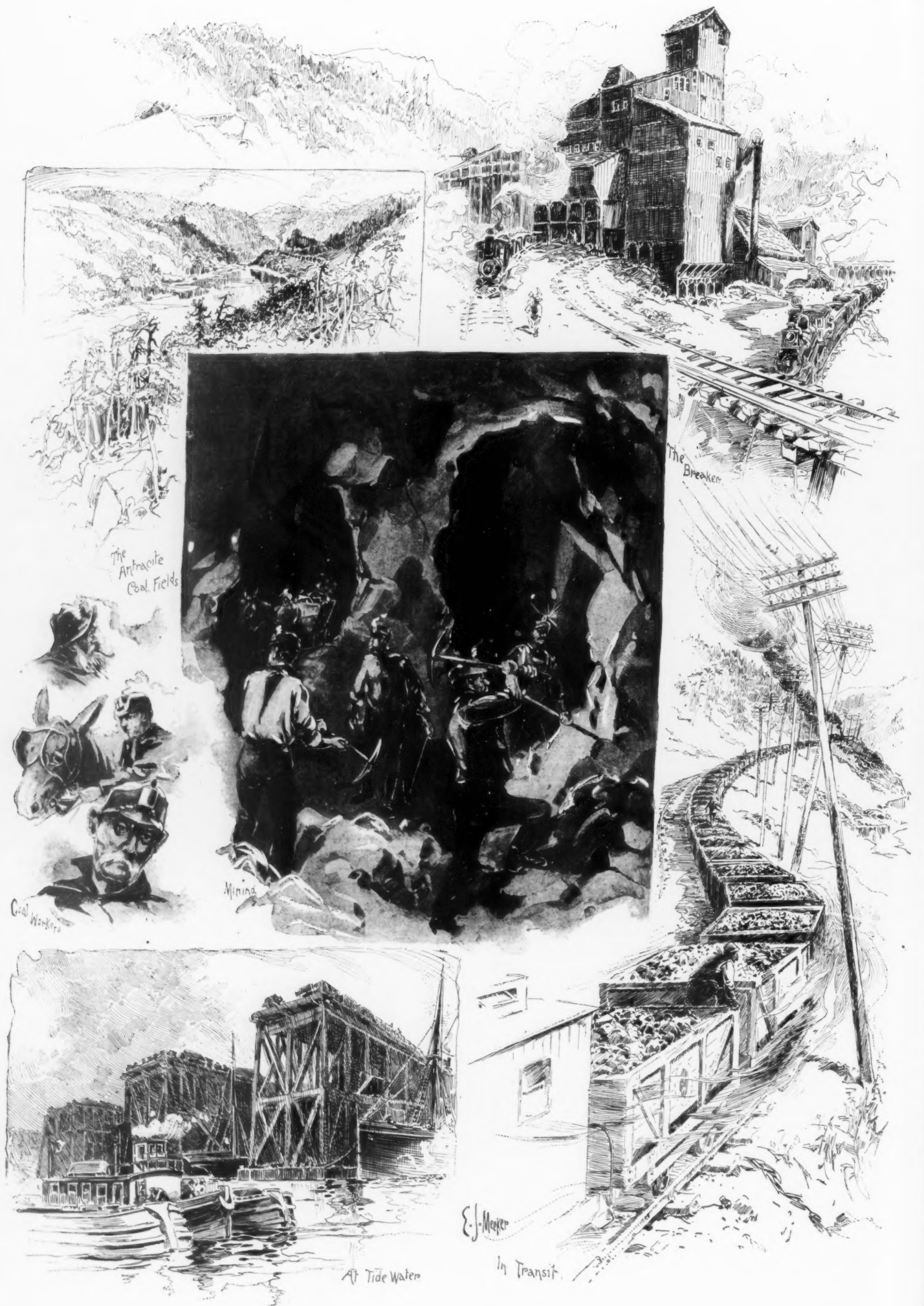
Mrs. Spratt—"What is it?"

Mrs. Wilk—"When the new girl came I told her I had to discharge the last because my husband made love to her. I guess she is still waiting."

THE EYES OF LOVE.

"But, Ethel, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?"

"Oh, no, mamma! But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!"



HOW COAL MINES ARE WORKED.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by E. J. MEERER.—See page 15.)

TAMMANY HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

MR. CROKER'S move to reorganize Tammany and bring in business men comes too late. It is like a drowning man clutching at straws. It recalls the example of the Tweed ring when hard pressed getting a committee of well-known business men, consisting of Moses Taylor, E. D. Brown, J. J. Astor, George K. Sistare, Edward Schell and Marshall O. Roberts, to audit the ring accounts and give Tammany a certificate of honesty. The scheme did not save the boss of that time, nor is its imitation likely to prove any more successful to-day.

This device of seeking refuge under the cover of "business men" in time of stress is an old Tammany trick. It was played by Tweed not only in the instance cited, but as it soon proved a failure then he tried it again once or twice, with, however, no better success. On one occasion he even attempted to inveigle the Chamber of Commerce into this sort of Tammany service. His successor, John Kelly, also resorted to the game when he undertook to make the public believe that Tammany would give the city a "business man" for mayor, and selected Mr. Franklin Edson for that purpose.

The peculiarity of the trick is that it is never taken up except when Tammany is alarmed, and is always used as a cloak to dupe the public. Its obvious purpose has been to save Tammany in the face of a popular uprising, and in this it has always failed.—N. Y. Herald, Dec. 23, 1893.

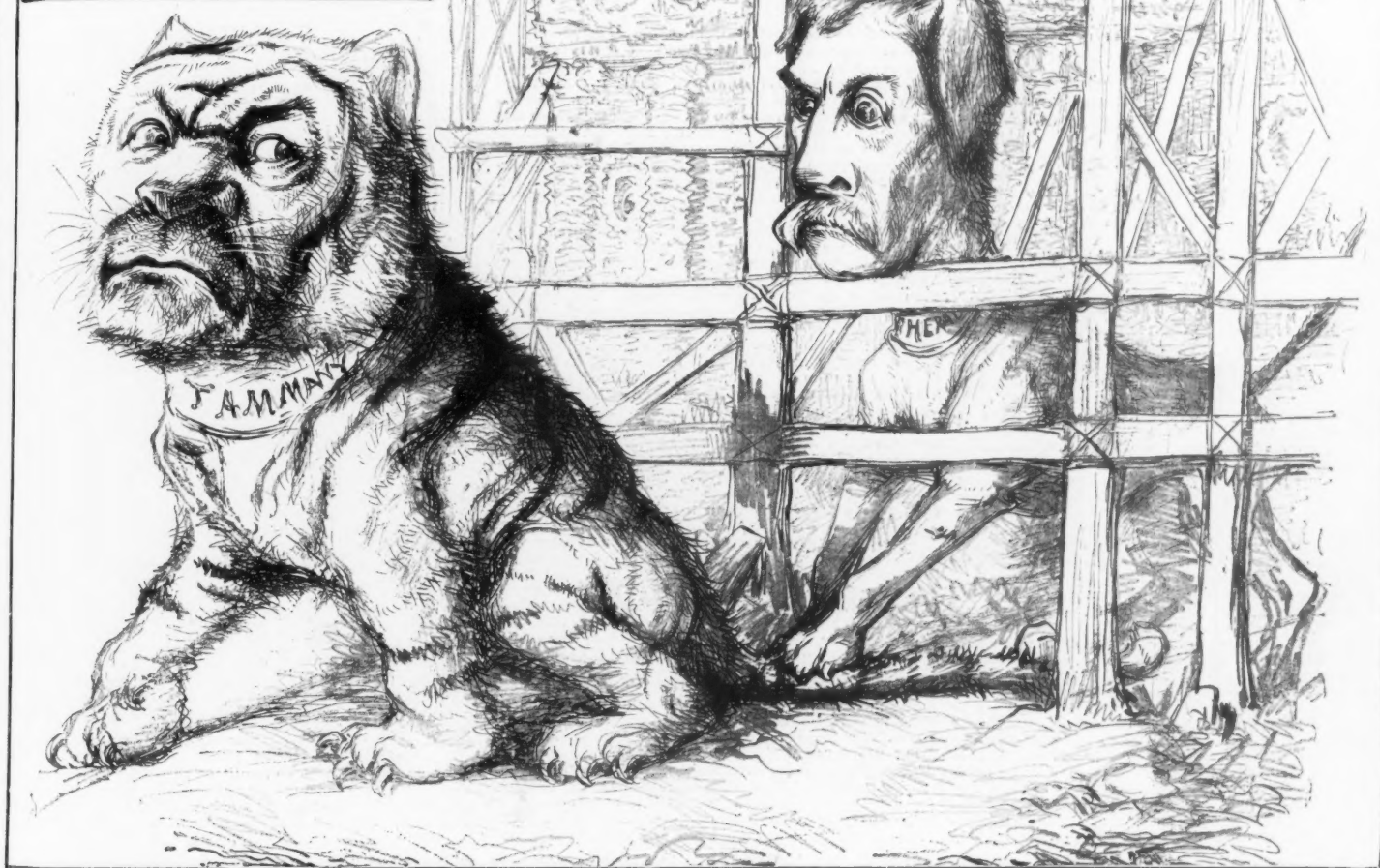
DEAR OLD CROKER:

I am very grateful to you for not reappointing my old friend Howland Robbins as Fire Commissioner. You will see I won't forget it.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Approved by DRONE O'HONE, E.
G. G. O'WLAND, G. M.
G. JAY O'TAILOR, N. E.
BILLY O'REICK, C. E.
JACK O'HENDERSON, Night Hawk.
JOHN O'TOWNSHEND, L. A.
JIMMY O'WILLIAMS, Gold Stick-in-Waiting.



EVERYTHING COMES TO THE MAN WHO WAITS.

HOROSCOPIC.

WHAT THE STARS TELL OF CLEVELAND AND HILL.

"The Stars in their Courses fought against Sisera."—HOLY BIBLE.

HAVE the stars any influence on human lives? Does the position of the planets at one's birth give any hint or inkling to a trained eye of the tendencies and probable career of the individual?

All nations, from the dawn of any sort of civilization, have answered "Yes" to these questions. Even a race as devoted to barbarism as the vagrant Gypsy has been and is a believer in the stars. Walter Scott, who was a great novelist, until Mr. Howells rose like a rocket and proceeded with his stick to knock down all the fixed orbs in the literary firmament, uses this fact with considerable artistic effect in his novel, "Quentin Durward." This old-fashioned writer, who was not a producer of taintypes, but a painter of life generally in many epochs, after the manner of another idealist, named Shakespeare, exhibits a suggestive superstitious kinship between the clever and pious King Louis XI., credulously depending on the court astrologer, who was an arrant knave, and the Gypsy squire of Quentin, who believed in no special deity, but said, with a dogged faith in Fate: "My soul, after death, shall mix with bright Aldebaran."

A large majority of the world's leading men, in all ages, have entertained more or less respect for the claims of the astrologer. Caesar, the High Priest of Rome's pagan religion, was emphatically practical; a man of the world, touched with genius, to be sure, but still fundamentally of the earth, earthy. He laughed at the augurs; yet, he took stock in the stars. Richelieu, another man of destiny, was an equally firm be-

liever. Napoleon likewise. In fact, all ancient and modern literature is saturated with this credence, or credulity, in "the winking wizards of the silent night."

Nearly all classes, therefore, are disposed, if by naught else than literary suggestion or hereditary bias, to lend attention to the revelations of those who declare that there is a regular science of the heavenly bodies. Hence, too, what the stars say about prominent people is read with intense curiosity.

But while popular interest in astrology is on the wax rather than wane, the methods of the modern professor of this art differ from those of the ancient seers. Sky-maps and the higher mathematics, such as trigonometry, play a most important part in the attainment of results. The scientific astrologer, moreover, never lays claim to infallibility, which, indeed, in all sciences, is the monopoly of quackery or conceit. The *bona fide* astrologer who respects his art and himself, distinctly asserts that his is only a science of approximations, and that some of the probabilities indicated by a horoscope are often negated by the interior force of the individual, or what Carlyle called "the mystery of the person."

In presenting the horoscopes of Grover Cleveland and David Bennett Hill, the present writer does not pose as an oracle of wisdom and of dead-sure certainty. There may be errors in these calculations, and if so I should be pleased to have some brother of the starchy craft point out any mathematical flaws in my premises or any looseness in the logic of my deductions. Let me say, however, that on July 14, 1892, or thereabouts, one of New York's leading papers published my horoscope of Cleveland, and my scientific prophecy based thereon that he surely would be elected. I am not a Democrat, like Mr. Hill or President Cleveland, but my profession saves me from bias in casting horoscopes, and I not only foretold Cleveland's election in 1892, and his defeat

in 1888, but in both cases I backed my astrological convictions with a moderate though substantial wager. Let us now examine the details of my researches, never forgetting that in this, as in all other mundane, or semi-mundane matters, a margin must be allowed for the immense capacity of the human mind to make and cling to and perpetuate mistakes.

Grover Cleveland was born March 18, 1837, at about 11:30 in the morning. A general observation may here be appropriately interjected; viz., that children born between the middle of February and the middle of April are likely to possess the pleasing contrast of extreme ability and excessive modesty, amounting almost to shyness in some cases. This latter quality often prevents their early success in life. But, on the other hand, because of it such men or women are often very warmly pushed on, by the almost clannish devotion of others, to places or offices where their talents have a chance to shine. Such persons generally have more character than brilliancy of intellect, and their promotion in life is the unconscious tribute man, in the mass, always offers to a higher moral range than the average.

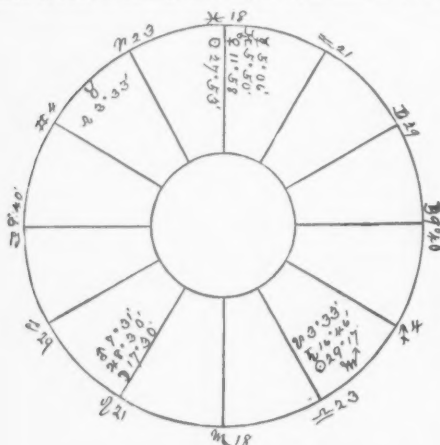
Technically speaking, Cleveland, at birth, was marked by the moon in the sign Leo, that orb, however, being then afflicted by an evil aspect to the planet Saturn. The moon in Leo has been found to indicate generally a person of middle height, large-boned and strong, with a warm complexion, brownish hair, light-brown or light-gray eyes, a habit of body tending to corpulence, and a habit of mind lofty, proud, self-sufficient in a good sense, slow to anger, tenacious of resentment, very ambitious and inclined to domineer. The number of rulers and leaders born under this position in the last four centuries is a most striking statistic in astrologic science.

Cleveland has four planets in the sign of Pisces, and

probably they are near mid-heaven. This does not imply, as the profane might jocosely suppose, that he would necessarily be a great fisherman, or a great story-teller. This is a mere coincidence. But it has been noticed again and again that any one with so many planets in one sign (and conjunctive) is bound to rise and become noted—or notorious, if those planets be very strongly afflicted.

Cleveland has also an exceedingly fortunate planetary combine, Jupiter and Mars conjunctive in the Second House, which is that of money. This junction of two king-planets makes a very full house, and indicates that he would become well-to-do in middle life, that is, about fifty, counting the natural age of man by the scientific assumption of a hundred years rather than by the Psalmist's assignment of seventy. It would also suggest that, when the President became rich at fifty and thereafter, it would be by easy acquisition, probably through the natural advantages, or coigns of vantage, which his office would bring to him without any special exertion on his part.

The acquisition of money for money's sake, the taint of avarice or of crooked dealing, is rarely found among men of such or similar nativity as President Cleveland.



HOROSCOPE OF GROVER CLEVELAND.
Born in New Jersey, March 18, 1837, about 11:30 A.M.

It should be added that Mars might make him a very easy spender, when young; probably in a sentimental way, such as in rendering social courtesies to ladies, buying expensive bonbons, costly flowers, etc., etc.

The moon in the Second House, in evil aspect to Saturn, indicates many ill turns in early life—danger, even of deep disgrace; but from the very generous temperament shown by other signs, one might infer that the disgrace was not of his own construction, but brought upon him by a much older man, a brother Mason. I do not know whether Cleveland belongs to that order, but the stars seem to hint so. They declare unmistakably a tremendous constitution for this man, which not even the excesses of office-seekers, or the draughts of conviviality can impair.

By this last phrase nothing disrespectful, of course, is intended. Nearly all our Presidents, with the exception of Hayes, Lincoln, Buchanan, the first Harrison and Madison, have been men rather fond of an occasional unbend with an old friend and an old bottle. Even Adams, the Puritan, drank rum, and Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, is reported to have thought two an unlucky number in the matter of bottles.

The stars predict a great age for President Cleveland, unless some accident that causes blood-poisoning should befall him. There are several very evil influences pointing to the period from May 15, 1893, to October 15, 1896. This is the critical period of his life, and I think he should then be triply guarded against cranks or disappointed office-seekers of a low moral and mental grade. Marriage in Cleveland's nativity was marked with many possibilities, and in early life he would appear, according to the stars, to have been subject to much torture and perhaps imposition from the fair sex. There are signs of profound heartache.

Mrs. Cleveland is delineated, in his nativity, very clearly and beautifully by the charming planet Mercury. The marriage, however, though one of honor and advancement to both high contracting parties, does not seem to be one of romantic love; but based on admiration, respect, and something resembling gratitude for long and constant kindness, or that appreciation which is the highest form of kindness. Mercury, near mid-heaven, indicates, as far as our science can, great popular esteem for the Lady of the White House—esteem for her, apart from her lofty station.

The horoscope of Mr. Cleveland's chief rival in the race of ambition, Hon. David Bennett Hill, is a much harder one to read. The great Senator of the Empire State, the leading man of Columbia's leading commonwealth, was born at Havana, a small village in Chemung County, New York, August 29, 1843, and has thus just passed the half century line.

Long study of the attitudes of the planets on the day of Hill's birth confirms the village legend that he was born early in the morning. The characteristics hinted by a horoscope erected for 5:30 A.M. tally almost exactly with those evinced by this profound politician during his career. At his natal hour the sixth degree of the zodiacal sign Virgo, the Virgin, was in ascension at the orient horizon; the second degree of Gemini, the Twins, was at the zenith; Pisces, the Fishes, at the occident horizon, and Sagittarius, the Archer, at the nadir.

The sun was just rising, being five degrees in Virgo, and Mercury, the natural ruler of Virgo, was also in that sign just below the horizon. Venus above was within nine degrees of a conjunction with the sun. The moon was in the twenty-eighth degree of Libra, leaving a good aspect of Venus and making a similar good aspect of the sun. The moon was also within trine to Jupiter and Neptune. These highly important signs were conjunctive in Aquarius and in close sextile aspect to Mars. Mars was in the fourth angle, in trine to Venus

and in evil aspect to Mercury. Saturn was in the Fifth House, retrograding, and in trine aspect to Mercury. Herschel was in the Eighth House, out of aspect with any other planet in the horoscope.

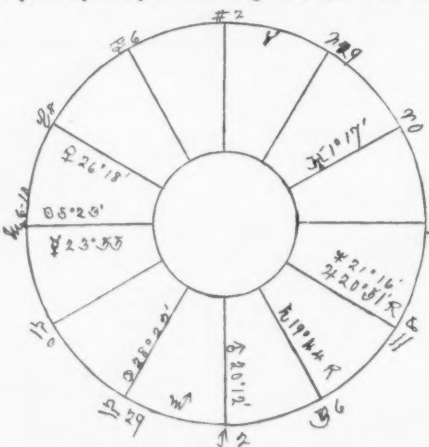
We have here, to start with, a celestial kaleidoscope of contradictions. The sign Virgo, its ruler, Mercury, and the sun point to a vigorous blend of very various influences. His personal appearance ought to reflect this stellar fact. About middle height, he would have been taller, but for the square aspect of Mars to Mercury, which must have checked his early growth. I venture to say that many of his intimates have often felt that Hill has the physical head that should have crowned the shoulders of five feet eleven, or even six feet without stockings, like the Populist Sage of Kansas, Jerry Simpson. Mercury in aspect to Saturn would indicate a swarthy coloring; but the sun, ascendant, modifies this, and Mr. Hill's hair, or what is left of it, should be, astrologically, a rich brown obscurely tinged with red.

But the public are more interested in Hill's character than his looks, and on this point the heavens are eloquent. The sun rising and happily configured with the moon, says: "Broadness, even to magnanimousness, is here, and intense loyalty to person or party; adamant firmness in friendships, but not a disposition to form many." The good aspect of Mercury to Saturn, however, gives a certain brooding or procrastinating quality that might prevent his execution of many good intentions. This is almost an inevitable concomitant of the student mentality, Mercury, ascendant in a sign ruling mentality, implies a subtlety possessed by few.

Power of logical, unbiased analysis, adorned and supplemented by almost feminine keenness of intuition, must belong to Senator Hill, unless the stars be liars of the first magnitude. In any profession this man might have achieved a large professional and monetary success. This is enhanced from probability to almost certainty by the evil aspect of Mars to Mercury, which demonstrates craftiness and quiet aggressiveness, the smooth, soft hand and the strong arm of a Richelieu. Opponents overcome by such a man as Hill's stars display would often not be able to understand just how he had accomplished their defeat. Even his friends will often be left for explanation to their own imaginations.

Moreover, what Hill accomplishes in life will be due not so much to friends and the grace of circumstance, as to his own ability to circumvent circumstance. By striving and by strife he has reached his present height. Accident, as in the case of so many great men, does not seem to be one of his ancillary stars. The question whether Hill will ever be President, from the standpoint of astrology, can be easily answered. His horoscope, in itself, does not reveal that constant mounting in power which might be justly considered to point at such an elevation as the culmination of a man's public life. Indeed, had his horoscope been cast by me years ago, I should have been compelled to offer as an opinion that he would never have gained his present eminence, except by the most tremendous and ceaseless kind of work. So many planets below the earth at the time of his birth show early struggles and a hard rise. Mars, in the Fourth House, controlling the latter part of life, signifies a decline in his public, when he shall show a decline in his physical, power.

What applies to success in politics with Senator Hill, applies equally to money. He could be very wealthy, if wealth, *per se*, had any charms for him. He would never be exactly poor. He is likely to inherit property, but it would be a nuisance to him in some way—perhaps through litigation. He will probably remain a bachelor. His horoscope indicates a severe disappointment in early manhood. He must have been deeply attached to a large, handsome, brown-haired girl, who married the other fellow and probably made a lifelong mistake thereby; for David Hill would have made any sensible, affectionate and ambitious woman a very devoted, though but slightly demonstrative husband. Long life is asserted by his horoscope. Seventy-five or eighty years, barring accident, with good health, belong to Senator Hill. His originally strong constitution has been confirmed by habits of temperance, and he is probably now just ascending the zenith of his bodily



HOROSCOPE OF DAVID BENNETT HILL.
Born in Havana, N. Y., August 29, 1843, about 5:30 A.M.

powers. The Romans called a man *juvenis*, or young, till he was forty-five. The stars exhibit Mr. Hill as Romanesque in this particular.

The most benefic influence in this very curious horoscope, during the next few years, is the direction of the sun to the conjunction of the moon's place in Hill's fifty-third year. In the horoscope of any other man holding his present exalted station, I should be inclined to say that this condition, coming as it does in 1896, would unquestionably prefigure his nomination and election to the Presidency. In 1895 he has also some very good influences that might be taken to betoken his gain in popularity through the West and South by championing some unusual measure for the betterment

of the masses, to whom his stars incline him more than to the classes. But, following close on the benefic aspect of 1896, Herschel makes the square to the sun—an evil direction that signifies trouble and trial or treachery on the eve and moment of triumph.

A comparison of the horoscopes of President Cleveland and the great Senator shows absolutely no points of harmony; but, on the contrary, several influences from which a deep hostility on both sides might be fairly inferred. Cleveland's horoscope, far stronger and more harmonious in itself, is also far, far luckier. Any open conflict between these two would inure to the advantage of the President for a long time, even if Hill were morally or politically right in the position he took. Hill's stars advise him not to antagonize the President; but to wait and let others do the field fighting. Yet a man does not always heed the whispers of his stars, and a man of Hill's peculiar hardihood sometimes even bids them stand aside. And touching this position and aspect of things, likewise, it may be said, in the famous phrase of that ancient star-student, Virgil, thus also, *Itur ad astra*. EDGAR APTHORP.

A WAITING GAME

ONE day a man came over the Alleghany Mountains, driving a four-in-hand, on his way to Washington to see the members of the Cabinet and the President. Underneath the coach ran a little yellow dog. The traveler was wealthy, well dressed and happy, and, in due course, drove into Washington in style, and causing the liveliest competition among the landlords, who fell over each other in their endeavors to serve him. He took a whole floor in a leading hotel, where he entertained liberally. All day long he used to haunt the doors of the offices of the members of the Cabinet, but was always put off, told to come again—to wait. After a month, his funds began to get low, so he changed his hotel and sold off a pair of horses. Finally, after waiting a long, long time, he sold another horse, and was seen riding horseback; then he decided that walking was good exercise, and sold his last horse; he changed his lodgings half a dozen times, and—still unable to see the Cabinet officers—after vainly waiting for a year, one bleak December day, a poor, ragged, unshaven, unshorn man took his way back over the Alleghany Mountains, leaning heavily on a staff; and all that was left of his once grand display was his little yellow dog, which ran behind and was his only friend.

This story came to me in Washington, recently, with full force, where I had gone to see the members of the Cabinet and the President, and where I waited—I will not dare say how many days. Washington is a city of strange contrasts. Making full allowances for the fact that the men in Mr. Cleveland's workshop, or those of them whom I shall name, are extraordinarily busy, and that they attack the duties of their positions with such excessive ferocity as to absolutely have not a moment to spare, for the public—to say nothing of luncheon—it still remains true that it is not at all necessary for the Cabinet members of the United States to misrepresent, to strain the truth, to make any sort of excuses, in order to shift the visitors over—into the next day.

Take Mr. Lamont, for illustration. I wanted to see him on a personal matter, and called first at his office. The messenger told me, at the door, that Mr. Lamont was very, very busy, that day, and I, being a green hand, consented to retire forthwith. I then went to Mr. Lamont's house, in the middle of the afternoon, and the maid told me to call again at seven o'clock; and when I came at half-past six, I was instructed, in the most alluring fashion, to call at eight o'clock; and, when I called at eight o'clock, I was told that the Secretary was suddenly called out. I then left a written statement of my business, to facilitate matters for the next day. The next morning I presented myself at the office of the Secretary, and was told that it was "Cabinet Day," and under no circumstances could a Cabinet member be seen on "Cabinet Day." The day following I came again, and was met with the stock statement that the Secretary was very busy, very busy; but, as the messenger said this, he eyed me suspiciously, as though it were part of the duties of his office to see what were the style and cut of my garments, and their probable cost; I accepted his argument, and was about to depart when I sought out the secretary to the Secretary, to whom I confided my business. He, too, spoke in a very low tone of voice, and when he uttered the name of Lamont, it was in a fashion that showed me what a race of tuft-hunters and placemen are to be found in Washington. Undaunted, I returned to Mr. Lamont's house, that evening, sent in my card, and, in a moment, back came this answer: "Mr. Lamont says that he will see you at his office tomorrow, at ten o'clock." Could anything be more definite or satisfactory? After running the outer and inner guards, the secretary to the Secretary, messengers, etc., I was thunderstruck to receive from Mr. Lamont this laconic statement: "Mr. Lamont is very sorry, but he will not talk on this subject at all." I was thoroughly disgusted, and retired, determined to try him once more, and to ask him why he did not at once tell me that he would not see me, since he had my written statement of my business for several days, and had, in the interim, put me off and encouraged me, in one fashion and another, several times. I sent up my card to find that he was at dinner; when I returned, Mr. Lamont consented to speak to me a moment, saying that he would not talk—and that settled it. Mr. Olney treated me in the same way as did Mr. Lamont, only with less details as to running after him. In his case, too, I left a written statement of my business at his house, and, on coming to get an answer, was instructed to call later, and when I did

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

call it was all to no purpose; and finally Mr. Olney declared that he would not see me at all. Now, concerning this decision, in his case and in Mr. Lamont's, I have absolutely no fault to find. If these gentlemen did not care to see a visitor, that was their business. They could say so and have done with it, and I would have reluctantly bowed. But what I do contend, and now maintain, before the two hundred thousand readers of *ONCE A WEEK*, is that if these men, each having been served with a written statement of my modest mission, knew, as soon as they read it—for it was a very simple affair, involving no principle—whether or not they wished to see me, and, if they did not wish to see me, they should have said so at once, and so not keep a visitor running after them long after they had made up their minds to shut the door in my face!

And now I can see that this species of thing is in no small measure responsible for the great number of poor men and women, who are eternally hanging around the streets of Washington, coming and going, day by day, at the doors of the members of the Cabinet, told, again and again and again to call later, to come again, to return to-morrow, when Mr. Secretary is not so busy, etc., etc., thus directly tending to keep in waiting that self-same throng, the bane and the disgrace both of Washington and of the United States. If the members of the Cabinet are really as busy as they would have the poor wretches believe who call on them, then may God pity them; for certain it is that they are so very busy that they cannot possibly draw their salaries, let alone get acquainted with their wives and children!

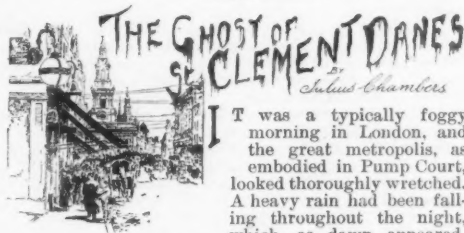
The pathetic side of Washington—with its place-hunters, with its starving beggars, with its trembling and its aged, who, day by day, come and go in vain at the doors of the departments, for the audience that never is to come—is something to touch a heart of stone. You see old men going about the streets, mumbling to themselves, and fumbling packages of papers in their overcoat pockets; you see feeble, decrepit women, who ought to be in some sheltering home, dragging themselves aimlessly here and there, waiting the pleasure of those excessively, extraordinarily and immoderately busy men, who will see their callers—some day. "Only wait!" is the glib response of the messenger at the door; or, equally effective, "You must come to-morrow."

There is another class of waiters and watchers in Washington, who never give up hope. Year after year, for ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty—yes, fifty years, they have been turning up, in expectation of the settlement of claims by Congress—and there is as small a chance of ever seeing them disposed of to-day as there was years ago, when first they were filed! Some of these men are to be found in the adjacent towns, whither they have been driven in their search for cheaper lodgings. Others live in Washington, under the very shadow of the dome of the great building whence they one day expect victory. If ever men and women in this world deserved success through persistence, through sorrowing, through poverty, through watching, and through waiting, these trusting mortals deserve to live to see the fulfillment of their hopes! You meet them on the street corners—old, ragged, forlorn, mumbling inanably to themselves—you see them whisking in and out of the big buildings, simply to meet the door-keepers, who, knowing their faces and their missions by oft-repeated contact, turn them away with little or no ceremony, telling them to "call again next week." J. P. Billings, of Santa Clara, Cal., has waited for \$855 since 1876, and he is waiting yet. William H. Ward, in 1857, worked on a bullet-mold, at a cost of \$70,412 for experiments, and when the war broke out the Government took his machine and used it without compensation. He is still waiting and hoping. Margaret Kennedy has inherited a claim from her husband John, who once owned twenty-six and a half acres of land on the eastern branch of the Potomac; the Government took the property for fortification purposes during the Civil War, destroyed the orchard, burned down the barns,

some lucrative office, or have an imaginary claim against the government. There were twenty-one of the latter class during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893. It seldom comes to our knowledge of any person becoming insane while sojourning here, but it is frequently the case that insane persons from other States visit the District, are arrested and returned whence they come."

I would like to give some practical suggestions in this matter. I would like to conclude with some advice of such a helpful character that the man who is contemplating a trip to Washington to "see" the high officers of the nation will know something in advance of what he must go through, so that he will not waste needless time. It took me just exactly thirteen days to try to see eight cabinet officers, for an interview of from ten to twenty minutes with each man. My mission was, too, entirely non-political, could be decided on the spot, and brought with it no request for patronage or office whatsoever. It took so long: First, because the time which the public is invited to be present at the big offices is narrowed down from two to four hours in each place; that is to say, the average Cabinet member has open house for the general public from ten to two o'clock, while some of them have office hours from ten to one o'clock. Then, secondly, on two days of the week, Tuesdays and Saturdays, they positively refuse to see any one, for they are supposed to be in conference with the President. I know of at least one Secretary who sees visitors only two days a week for only two hours each time. I do not know what the instructions of the chiefs of the departments may be to their faithful buffers at the doors; but I will say that these men display extraordinary stupidity as to the comings and goings of their masters, when they will be in, if out, and so forth; till the despairing visitor wonders if he is not the victim to some collusion. The messengers and outer guards to the great officials could not better perform their duties were they chosen from a deaf-mute asylum. As far as getting anything out of them in the way of official information, as to the comings and goings of their superiors, they were like sucked oranges. They know nothing. They have nothing to say. They are maddeningly mum! The butlers at the homes of the Secretaries are trained in the same school. They, too, are hopeless idiots, you conclude, for they simply know nothing about anything—when he will return—when he will come back—when he dines—where he is—and you may consider yourself lucky if you do not have the tip of your nose squeezed off in the sudden slamming of the big mahogany door!

Are you going to Washington—well, if it was not your cradle, then it most certainly will be—your grave!



It was a typically foggy morning in London, and the great metropolis, as embodied in Pump Court, looked thoroughly wretched. A heavy rain had been falling throughout the night, which, as dawn appeared, became a drizzling mist that clung to the dull red walls, found its way around all angles, crept along the window-panes, formed and hung in globules upon the sharp corners of the stone sills until they could gather courage and strength to drop and fasten upon shutters on the story below, sought out any openings at the tops of bedroom windows, gained admittance, expanded like the geni in the Arabian tale until it filled a room, attacked the slumberer, first choked him, then awoke him, in order that he might say, as every Londoner does:

"Another beastly day!"

I dressed, and was soon on my way to breakfast. I was an American, who had practiced law in New York; but, having come into a large estate by the death of an uncle, I had decided to spend a few years in London in the study of my specialty—the law of real property. I fortunately found an opportunity to secure admission to the Temple, a very difficult and unusual thing for an American to obtain. I had secured permission to occupy the rooms, and had bought out the former tenant with all his furniture, books and other appointments. In these lodgings I had already passed a year, and, although my life was one of loneliness, I was contented. I didn't have any practice, and although I sometimes strolled around the New Law Courts with a green bag in my hand, just as if I had a case, I was what is traditionally known as a "briefless barrister."

Of all the streets of London, I like the Strand the best. It is filled with historic traditions, and every foot of its pavement has been trod by feet that have left their imprint on history. No street in the world is so thoroughly identified with our modern civilization as the Strand. One of the landmarks, and the first object that is seen after emerging from Fleet Street, is the church of St. Clement Danes. This old edifice stands in the center of the thoroughfare, which there divides. To the right, going westward, is Drury Lane; to the left, the Strand curves toward the river until the open street is again reached at St. Bennett's Church, not far above Somerset House.

St. Clement Danes is a quaint old church. It is said that the body of Harold, King Canute's son, buried at Westminster after a reign of three years, was exhumed by his successor, the legitimate Hardicanute, and after decapitation was thrown into the Thames. "A fisherman, finding Harold's body floating with the tide, took it up and reverently buried it on this spot," says Stowe. The fact that it was the place of burial under the Danes, in the eleventh century, probably accounts for its strange name.

But to me there has always been a more curious feature connected with the quaint locality. At the cityward end of St. Clement's churchyard is a small house, hardly high enough for a man to stand erect therein. It is a brick, plaster-encased vault and was built long ago as a dead-house for the reception of corpses found floating in the Thames. London never has adopted the Parisian idea of a city morgue, but its unknown dead are cared for by the various parishes, just as they have been since the days of Elizabeth. This little white vault

has always had a strange fascination for me, because of a brass tablet affixed to its front, bearing this legend:

The well underneath, 191 feet deep, and containing 150 feet of water, was sunk, and this pump erected, at the expense of the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

H. ESSEX,

WILLIAM ROBINSON,
Church Wardens, 1607.

On this particular morning, before turning into the little lane at the right, where I expected to breakfast at Carr's, I stood reading this tablet, as I generally did every time I passed. Suddenly I felt a light touch on my shoulder. Turning, I beheld a tall, well-dressed man whose eyes were wild, but whose general appearance was prepossessing.

"Pardon me, sir," he began, in a very irresolute way, "but I have seen you several times stop and look at this house and this tablet. Can you explain to me why it interests you so highly?"

"Yes, I could," I replied, somewhat annoyed, "but I don't see why I should explain to a stranger."

"It is just because you are a stranger that I am curious."

I now looked at the man carefully. He wore a soft hat, a most unusual thing in London, where "the tile" is considered the proper thing in all seasons and all weathers. In place of a "top-coat," he had a heavy cloak about his shoulders, and, although he was unmistakably English, he affected the dress of a Southern European. Annoyed at the man's intrusion, and anxious to cut short the conversation and get rid of him, I replied:

"It may appear strange to you, sir, but I have a strong theory that somebody has been pushed into this well, the opening of which is in the floor of this vault, and that there the body can be found to-day."

This explanation of mine was a mere vague fancy that I had had ever since I had seen the body of an unknown woman, found in the river, carried into the little dead-house. Probably because I had never seen it emerge, I had fancifully assumed that the woman's body had been disposed of in the well. This was a very ridiculous idea, I admit; it appealed to my fancy, but not to my sober senses.

The effect upon my companion was thrilling. He gasped, staggered, clutched at a paling of the high iron fence, and exclaimed:

"You have fathomed my secret! There is a dead woman in that well! She was my affianced wife, but she was faithless. I knew that on certain nights of each month, when the dead-house is untenanted by any corpse, the door is left unlocked in order that a chorewoman can enter and scrub it. I induced my false sweetheart to come to this part of the city, discharged the cab in Fleet Street, and, under pretense of taking the fresh air, walked her down the Strand, past the New Law Courts, turned to cross to the south side of the street so as to bring her past this point. When she was here, just where we stand—I having contrived to be on the side toward the church—I suddenly seized the door, opened it, pushed my companion inside, pulled up the iron trap that covered the hideous well, and hurled the fickle, faithless girl into the inky darkness below!"

My face doubtless expressed the horror with which I heard this tale. Improbable as it was, it was narrated with a realism that made it appalling. Before I had time to think, however, the narrator continued:

"Yes; I seized her thus," and suiting his actions to the word, he clutched my right arm with his left hand, as in a vise, jerked me close to his side, and was evidently about to wind his sinuous right arm about my neck. Quick as were his movements, I realized instantly that I was in the hands of a professional garrotter, and that if I didn't lose my life, I was pretty certain to be robbed. Training in the old Fencing and Sparring Club saved me. I swung my left with great facility—a thing my antagonist had evidently not anticipated—and landed an uppercut on the thug's jugular vein that laid him senseless at my feet.

During all this time not a single person had passed, and not a moving object had been visible in the dense fog. This, too, in the very heart of throbbing London!

The instant I realized that I was free, I sprang to the Cabman's Shelter, not twenty feet away, shouting, "Police!"

A crowd soon gathered out of the opaqueness, and stood around the still unconscious figure on the pavement. To the first policeman who appeared I stated my case, told him who I was and asked that he send for a physician to restore the man to consciousness, and then to place him under arrest.

I accompanied two officers and the prisoner to a magistrate, where my antagonist was at once recognized as a well-known scoundrel who had been guilty of many crimes, and had only recently been released from Pentonville Prison. I visited Scotland Yard to learn more about him, and was there told that he formerly lived at a quiet little tavern called "The Essex Head," just off the Strand. There he affected the life of a student at law, having quite a library of books in his room. It was noticed that whenever the weather was fine, he would remain for days at a time within doors, but that he always sallied out whenever a fog came on. He frequently had been encountered by the servants and help of the hotel wandering up and down the Strand, apparently in deep thought. Even they had noticed that he frequented the narrow footway around the churchyard. After his first arrest and conviction, the police had given him a title peculiarly his own. Chief Dunlap pointed out my antagonist's picture in the Rogues' Gallery, and I read thereunder—

"The Ghost of St. Clement Danes."

She (her first season)—"I have been shut up in a boarding-school so long that I feel very awkward and timid in company. I do not know what to do with my hands."

He—"I'll hold them for you."

After a night with the boys
Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.



and created general havoc; Mrs. Kennedy wants just three thousand dollars, and she hopes to get it before she dies. Senator Teller has charge of the claim of McGarran, involving the title to a large tract of quicksilver property in California, which the New Irida Mining Company squatted on years ago, and have since dug out \$160,000,000 worth of quicksilver. McGarran fought the corporation for ten years in the courts, and has had his claim before Congress for twenty-five years, and is waiting yet.

I had a long talk with Major William G. Moore, of the Washington police, and he said of the waiting contingent:

"Part of the duty of my Sanitary Officer is to furnish destitute and worthy persons with transportation from this city to their homes—or as near thereto as practicable—a limited appropriation being provided by Congress for that purpose. This aid is not extended without a thorough examination into the circumstances attending the applications, and in no case is this relief granted until the applicant is found worthy. The number annually furnished with this aid will average six hundred and sixty. They are composed of all classes and conditions of men, women and children; among them are many disappointed office-seekers, also ex-soldiers and sailors seeking pensions. 'Cranks' frequently come to us with the delusion that they have been elected or appointed to



THE NEW BOSTON LIBRARY.

THE NEW BOSTON LIBRARY BUILDING.

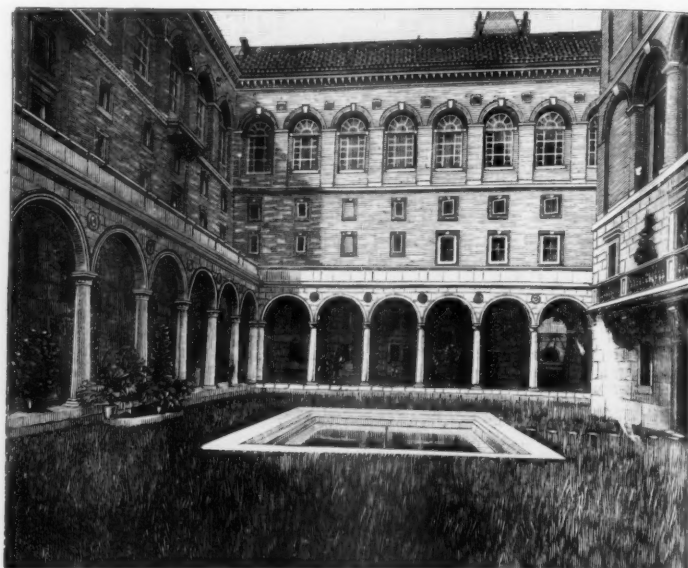
THE largest library in the United States is the Congressional Library, at Washington; but it includes many duplicates, a fact which practically reduces the number of individual works on its shelves. It has so far outgrown the space apportioned to it in the Capitol that a new building has become necessary, which now approaches completion. It is in the conventional renaissance style followed in so many of our government buildings.

Another library building is now in process of construction at Boston, which, in a severer style, appeals more directly, perhaps, to a cultivated artistic taste. We refer to the magnificent structure to which the Boston Public Library will be moved, probably in the course of another year. In point of size and, we may also add, of importance, the Boston Public Library is the second in the United States. It now contains nearly 575,000 volumes. With its various suburban branches it wields a great educational influence. But it would be a mistake to assume that it is simply a popular collection composed of the lighter classes of literature, for it includes besides those a number of special collections which are of great value to the specialist and scholar. For example, its works on mathematics and astronomy number 5,509 volumes; its library of Spanish and Portuguese works, 5,981 volumes; its early New England history and theology, 2,935 volumes, and its Shakespeariana and early English drama and poetry, 13,740 volumes.

Bates Hall, where the library has been preserved for many years, was considered at one time a sumptuous building, ample for the development of the library for generations to come. But it is already far too contracted for the growing needs of the library, which includes a very important circulating department. The average annual circulation for thirteen years has been 163,199, sometimes considerably exceeding that figure. A new building, therefore, became expedient. The location selected is on the square already made so attractive by the Museum of Fine Arts, Trinity Church, the new Old South Church and other handsome structures of the modern Athens. There is a very handsome interior court with pillared cloisters by which light and air can be obtained, and the interior will have the advantage of ninety windows, in addition to the artificial light which will be necessary much of the time in the alcoves.

Without going into details, we may add that the execution of the decorative details have been assigned to some of our best artists; among these decorations are two lions of Sienna marble. They are the work of Mr. St. Gaudens.

The total appropriations for this admirable building are \$2,368,854.89. This sum might easily have been exceeded, but for a way they have in Boston of making contractors give correct estimates and keeping them to the terms of the contract, both in material workmanship and outlay.



COURTYARD OF THE NEW BOSTON LIBRARY.

THE NEW HARLEM DRAWBRIDGE.

DOUBTLESS many of our readers have noticed the preparations which are being made for the new drawbridge over the Harlem River, on the line of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. A few have commented on the frail and rather ungainly appearance of the lift bridge, which, according to rumor, was to be the future mode of crossing the stream. This structure is but a temporary affair, to be used while the great draw is in process of construction.

We cannot go into technicalities, but a few of the dimensions and a short description of both temporary and permanent structures may be of interest. Height of uprights (in lift bridge), 127½ feet from foundation. Over top of each column run the cables, connecting with counterbalances weighing 117 tons, thereby equalizing the weight of lift, or span, which is 106½ feet long, by 28 feet wide, and weighs 127½ tons. The remaining 21,500 lbs., controlled by two double-cylinder independent engines, 50 H. P. to each machine, placed in engine-house, 23 feet above rails. The permanent drawbridge, according to engineers, is to be one of the largest, if not the largest, of its kind in the world. It is to work on a pivot, to be 389 feet long, and 64 feet to highest point, 58½ feet wide, and 26 feet above high water. It is estimated that (excluding engines) 250 tons will not be too high a figure at which to place the weight.

However, this feat of engineering is as yet a thing of the future. When it comes it will be welcomed.



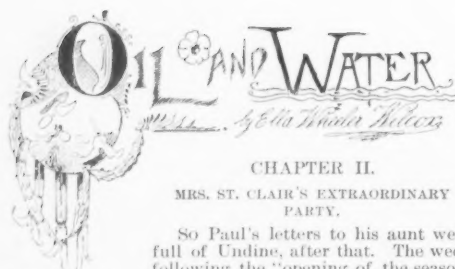
THE NEW DRAWBRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM.



WHERE THE OYSTER PIRATES DEPREDATE.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by J. S. WRIGHT.)

(See page 11.)



CHAPTER II.

MRS. ST. CLAIR'S EXTRAORDINARY PARTY.

So Paul's letters to his aunt were full of Undine, after that. The week following the "opening of the season," at Sea Cove, he wrote as follows:

"I supposed, until now, that I had found a place in which no snobbery existed—no cliques of people who thought themselves better than their neighbors. I heard so much talk about Sea Cove being free from cliques, and I really believed it. But my delusion has met with a rude awakening. I was invited to attend the first hop of the season, at the cottage of Mr. Barker, a Massachusetts merchant. He goes out with me in my cart occasionally, and has taught me a good deal about my catboat which I needed to know. I have seen his wife, a comfortable-looking woman, and his daughter, a rather plain young person, but have never met them. Well, when I came to speak to "Undine" about acting as her escort (the Barker cottage is only a stone's-throw from her house), Undine informed me she had not been invited.

"Why not, pray?" I asked. "I thought everybody was invited, in Sea Cove, to everything."

"All the cottagers are very friendly," she said, "but the residents are never included in their good times."

"I felt terribly incensed at this and sent a note excusing myself to Mr. Barker, and took Undine out for a moonlight sail instead."

"When Mr. Barker inquired why I did not come to the hop, I frankly explained. I had supposed Sea Cove to be a place free from caddishness, I said to him. "It seemed tremendously caddish to exclude the prettiest girl in the place, Nelly Briggs, from your merry-making."

"Why, you see," explained Mr. Barker, "we have to draw the line somewhere. Mr. Briggs delivers our milk every morning. If we ask his daughter, we ought also to ask the son, who is a brakeman on a freight train, and a tough of the worst sort." "Not necessarily," I replied. "Swell society often selects one member of a family and ignores others." "But Sea Cove people do not claim to be in swell society," Mr. Barker replied; "and we cannot afford to make distinctions in families; so the only way seems to be to let the resident people enjoy themselves as they do when we are not here, among themselves, while the cottagers form a friendly society of their own. It won't do to cross the line; if we do, there'll be no end of trouble." So you see, my dear aunt, the serpent is also in this Eden, the serpent of social distinctions based on purely nonsensical precepts. There is no moral principle involved. Because Nelly Briggs—the prettiest, sweetest, most charming of Nature's children—is the daughter of an honest man who sells milk to the cottagers, the cottagers cannot invite her to their homes. I don't see why a milkman is not as good as a merchant or grocer. Meanwhile my carts, my boat, and my society are all at the disposal of Undine; and, as young men are scarce at Sea Cove, and carts scarce, the daughters of the cottagers are still less favorably inclined toward Miss Briggs than ever before."

"Girls," quoth Mrs. St. Clair, as she finished reading this letter, "I shall send you to Newport in care of Mrs. Montgomery, and I shall go to Sea Cove and take a cottage for a month."

"Mama! are you crazy?" cried the girls, in chorus. "No, but your cousin Paul is, and he needs to be cured. I am going to effect that cure by heroic measures!"

So the next post carried a letter to Paul, saying: "Engage a cottage for me for one month. Pay any rent to obtain it. I am going to teach those cottagers a lesson."

Mrs. St. Clair was installed in a very pretty cottage facing the beach, before ten days had elapsed. She brought with her trunks of charming hangings and knickknacks, which rendered her cottage the most interesting one in town. She took her coachman and her victoria, and drove through the town in state every afternoon. She attended to her own marketing, was affable itself to all the tradespeople, and had the town at her feet in less than a week.

Then she prepared to give a dinner and a hop. The dinner was to come first, and she invited only Mr. and Mrs. Briggs and Undine to this. Covers were laid for five; the hour was eight o'clock.

"I don't suppose Mr. Briggs has a dress-coat, Paul, so you may wear one of your white flannel suits and a silk shirt," she said. "I'll wear my simplest gown with a V-neck."

Up to this time Paul had taken his meals alone in the Briggs household. The family breakfast occurred an hour or two before he arose. The noon dinner, which took place at twelve o'clock, interfered with his late breakfast, so a separate table was laid for him in a side room which would have served as a library had the family possessed any books. And here Paul partook of his dinner and tea, attended only by Undine. Sometimes he induced her to sit down and take a cup of coffee with him, or a little dessert, and these were among the sweetest moments of the day.

But to sit through a terrible hour and a half *vis-à-vis* with father and mother Briggs—that was another thing; yet, it was the pleasure which Mrs. St. Clair had arranged solely for his gratification. Father Briggs sat on the right of the hostess, attired in his ready-made Sunday clothes—his limp collar (which had already done service one Sunday), and his bright blue necktie made out of a remnant of Nelly's birthday silk dress. He was embarrassed and ill at ease, and his feet strayed about under the table like playful Newfoundland puppies, first bumping up against the slipped extremities of the hostess on his left, again knocking the more solid tan-shod feet of his boarder on the right, then getting mixed up with Miss Nelly's taper toes opposite. He was troubled also to know how to use his napkin properly, first tucking it in about his collar; then, observing the

unobtrusive manner in which his hostess and host employed theirs, he spread it over his lap, from which it was constantly dropping to the floor. When he stooped to rescue it, he bumped his head against the butler's cranium, and caused that dignitary to spill soup on the tablecloth. But Mrs. St. Clair passed these little accidents off with the happy tact which has made her a social queen, and kept the conversational ball rolling in such a manner that no one of her three guests was obliged to do more than make brief replies, and yet each one believed himself contributing to the entertainment.

Both father and mother Briggs ate with their knives, and elevated their elbows in a manner which interfered with the comfort of near neighbors. Even Miss Nelly forgot herself several times in her enjoyment of the appetizing viands, and lifted her knife to her rosy lips; and once—horror of horrors! she used her handkerchief vigorously and audibly on her classic nose, saying merely, "Such a cold!" Cold, indeed! Paul felt as if icicles were thrust down his spine.

Mother Briggs grew redder and redder in the face as the dinner progressed, and smacked her lips audibly over each delicacy, asking Mrs. St. Clair "if she could favor her with the receipts" of several of the dishes. Father Briggs finished each course with such remarkable celerity that he was obliged to employ the intervening waits in picking his teeth—a proceeding which seemed to cause both Mrs. St. Clair and her nephew to lose their appetite for what remained on their plates.

Altogether, Paul had never experienced so dreadful an hour and a half in his life. But Mrs. St. Clair spoke



THE DINNER.

it as a charming evening, and said she hoped for many more such agreeable times during her month in Sea Cove. "Nice, kind people," she called the Briggs to Paul, and praised Nelly's beauty without stint.

The hop, which Mrs. St. Clair planned for the last week of her stay, began to be a matter of dread to Paul. All the cottagers had called on Mrs. St. Clair very soon after her arrival; and she herself had sought out the resident people and made friends with them. The grocer and wife and their son, therefore, were bidden to the hop; and the man who caught clams for them could not be omitted, because his wife was Mrs. Briggs' sister, and his daughter Nelly's cousin. This daughter, Sadie Brown, was "help" in the family of one of the cottagers, the Dunning, but Mrs. St. Clair said proudly that should make no difference. The girl must be invited. Labor was ennobling; and she and her cousin had always been great chums, and to invite Nelly and not invite Sadie would be drawing absurd and cruel lines. So Sadie was bidden to the hop. So was Nelly's brother, who obtained "a night off" to attend.

The butcher boy, a youth of twenty who called at the cottages for orders, was invited because he was engaged to Sadie Brown, and could not, of course, be omitted. And the son and the daughter of the man who carried away garbage from the cottages were among the invited guests, since their mother was a half-sister to Mr. Briggs and the two families were very intimate. Then there was the well-digger's daughter, related to the butcher-boy—a cousin of some sort; she worked in a restaurant at Herring Point, but secured a vacation to come to the hop.

As one by one these complicated relationships were brought to Paul's notice by his aunt, and the reasons why all these invitations must be given, if any were given, unfolded before his mind, an absolute terror seized upon him of the approaching festivity. But Mrs. St. Clair was as serene and smiling as the summer day. She ignored her nephew's silence and moodiness, and talked brightly of the good lesson she was about to teach those snobbish cottagers who fancied they could not let the simple, kind residents share a little of their summer pleasures.

When the night came, Paul's real agony of mind began. First of all the Dunning sent their regrets, together with those of three other families, the most cultured families in the place. These regrets were sent by the Dunning's servant, Sadie Brown, who was one of the guests.

"I am so sorry they could not come," smiled Mrs. St. Clair, as she mentioned this matter to Paul, aside. "What do you suppose detained them at the last moment?"

"It is not likely the Dunning ladies cared to dance in the same quadrilles with the servant who washes their dishes during the day," Paul replied. "What very nonsensical lines to draw," was Mrs. St. Clair's reply, as she moved away among her guests. Regrets were received from more than half the cottagers before the evening was over; the other half who came reduced themselves to a clique, and Paul, who had charge of the dances, found himself greatly embarrassed in forming lancers and quadrilles, since no cottager would complete a set already begun by residents. Several of the latter, notably among them Sadie Brown, and the butcher boy's cousin from the restaurant, made audible comments and ridicule of the cottagers' costumes and airs; and much whispering behind fans and loud giggling was indulged in by these young women and their admirers.

Then Nelly Briggs' brother came in, noisily intoxicated, and began an Irish breakdown before his father could get him out of the house. The refreshment-room furnished a scene which Mrs. St. Clair will remember to her dying day. And, when finally the last guest departed, she turned to Paul with dancing eyes and asked: "Well, my dear nephew, what do you think of the ex-

periment of removing all social lines, and inviting people to join in good-fellowship and equality?"

"I think it's a failure," said Paul, using the first improper word his aunt had ever heard him utter.

"Well, that is all I tried it for. If you are convinced, I am repaid for all the unpleasant notoriety this matter will bring upon me. I am going to Newport to-morrow. Do you care to go with me?"

Paul hesitated. "Not to Newport," he said; "I don't like the life there, and it doesn't like me. But I would go away to the mountains—if my departure did not seem to be a bit cruel under the circumstances. You see, auntie, I've spooned awfully with that little Briggs girl. I haven't committed myself in words, but I have in acts. I was really thinking of asking her to marry me when you came down here. That dinner gave me the first doubt of the wisdom of the thing. I sort of looked the matter calmly in the face for the first time, stripped of romance. I saw I really couldn't go a life-long intimacy, even in yearly visits from the old folks. But I don't like to retreat out of the thing like a coward and break little Undine's heart."

"Don't worry," laughed Mrs. St. Clair. "I happened to hear Miss Nelly and her cousin talking in the dressing-room to-night. Her cousin said, 'Are you dead gone on that city chap? He ain't no great shakes to look at.'"

"No, but he's dead gone on me, and they say he's awfully rich," your Undine replied, in a very sweet voice. "I don't think you need to worry about her heart, Paul. It will mend."

And it did, for she married the "Salt Water Tadpole," six months later.

(Concluded.)

THE "HERALD'S" FREE CLOTHING FUND.

THE *Herald* should change its name to the *Hercules*. Its labors recall those of the mighty man of old, who, when people were groaning under the accumulated miseries they were powerless to avert, stepped forward with stout heart and sinewy arm, to slay their enemies and deliver them from the scourges that devastated their numbers. While the rest of the community was moaning, in various keys, over the hard times and consequent general distress among the poor of the city, the *Herald* was quietly making up its mind to grapple, face to face, with at least one important phase of the social problem under consideration.

It is no child's task to clothe the naked of New York, but our public-spirited contemporary is not abashed by its magnitude. Its benevolent idea once conceived, it grew up like Jack's beanstalk, in a single night, into a strong and flourishing organization. The *Herald* does not favor half measures. Admirable energy, foresight and a most infectious enthusiasm entered into its *modus operandi*. To hire a suitable building, to employ an efficient corps of workers, to engage hearty and valuable co-operation, to spread the good tidings among the needy, these were only details of the truly magnificent plan for distributing the goods of the rich among the poor. A generous and spontaneous response met the *Herald's* appeal to the public. From all quarters of the city came boxes and bundles and cartloads of cast-off clothing. These were promptly received and the various garments checked off, cleaned, scoured, remade, and finally turned out in perfect shape for distribution. The work goes merrily on. The material pours in from the bursting wardrobes of the rich, and flows out again, in a new form, to cover the shivering limbs of the naked and destitute. An era of plenty has dawned on the dark haunts of poverty. And, reflecting on the agency that has brought about this happy result, one feels that one might better the lines of the poet, and say that mercy is not twice, but thrice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that receives, and, notably, him that stands between the two, bridging the wide, wide gulf that separates the rich from the poor. That's the *Herald*, in the present instance.—(See page 12.)

WHO IS OUR PRETTIEST SUBSCRIBER?

We would like to know her name. In order to find out, we invite our young lady subscribers to send us their photographs for inspection. A competent committee of gentlemen will be appointed to award the palm of beauty, and the winning photograph will be reproduced in *ONCE A WEEK*. To the fair original we will send another of our handsome plush photograph albums, with decorated cover and stand attachment. This competition will remain open until St. Valentine's Day—February 14, 1894. The name and address of each competitor should be plainly written on the back of the photograph, and a stamp inclosed for its return, if desired. A copy of this notice must be inclosed with each photograph.

NOTE.—To be eligible for competition, the young ladies need not be actual subscribers to *ONCE A WEEK*. The competition is open to all the members of subscribers' families.

Address communications to *ONCE A WEEK*, and write "Competition" on the outside of the envelope.

WELL-EARNED REST.

Lady (loaded with parcels, to polite laborer, who has offered her his seat)—"Oh, no! Keep your seat, my good man; you have been working hard all day."

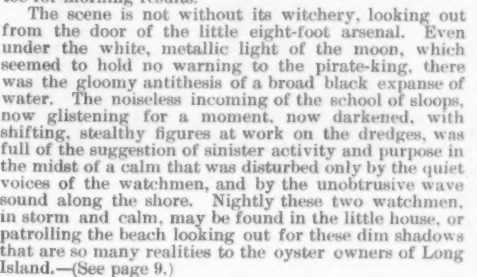
Polite laborer (sympathetically)—"Take it, ma'am. Thru, O'v' bin carryin' th' hod all th' day, but you've bin shoppin'."

Scroggins (to school officer)—"Look 'ee 'ere, I ain't going to send my kids to school any more nor I like. I never had any free 'edication or such like. I'm proud o' my ignorance!"

School officer (sarcastically)—"Well, my man, you've a deal to be proud of."

Good News—Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption.

Our readers who suffer from Lung diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to hear of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment, known in Europe as the Andral-Bronchitis Cure. Write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

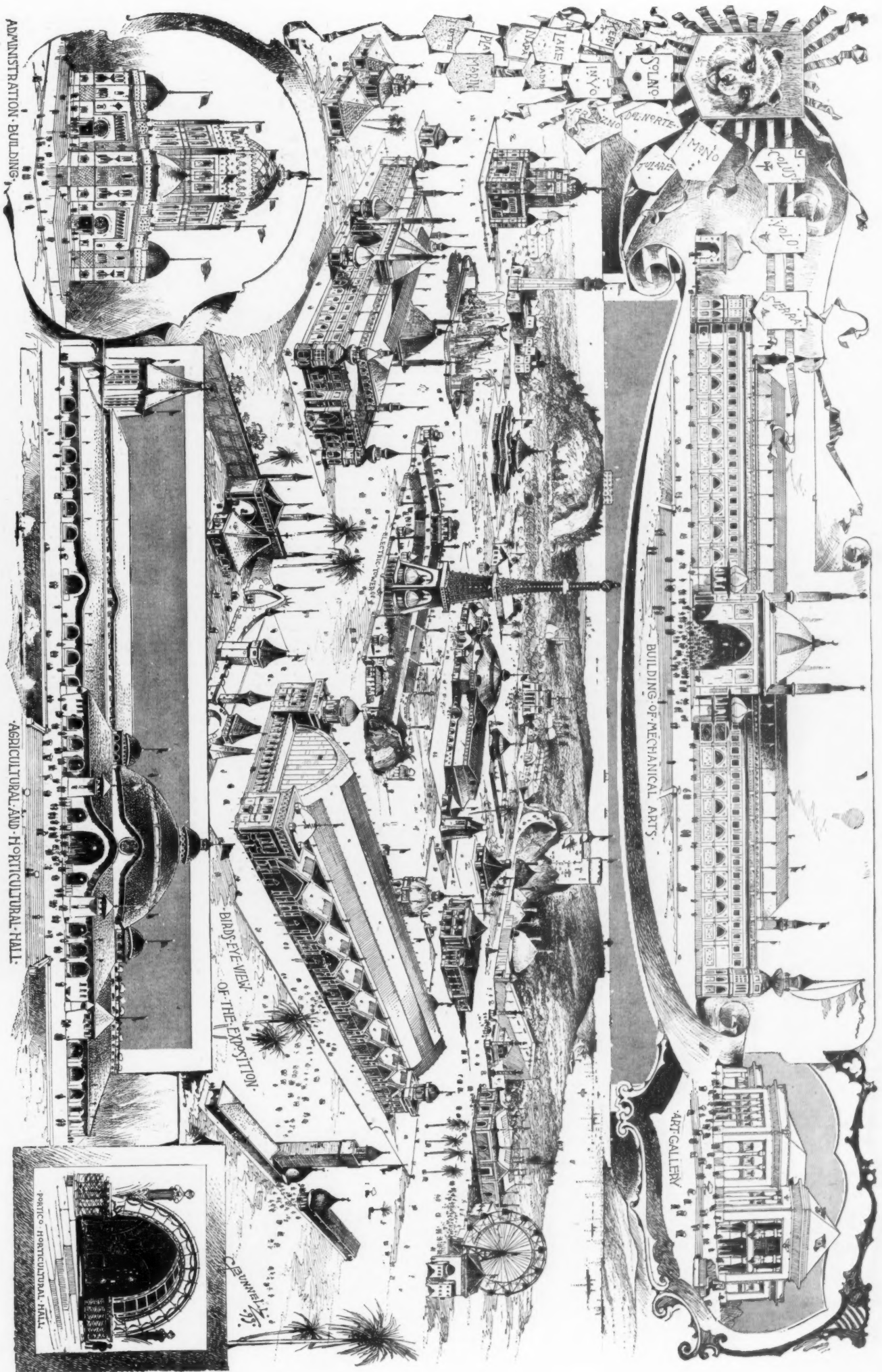


RAILROADS that are not going into the hands of a receiver are preparing to gobble up those that are.



SCENES AT THE HERALD WARM CLOTHING DISTRIBUTION HEADQUARTERS.

(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by W. H. FUNK.—See page 10.)



THE MIDWINTER FAIR AT SAN FRANCISCO.

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.

IF I had not seen it with my own eyes, I would have doubted the word of an angel who would have told me that it was possible for a woman to look charming in curl-papers; but Ellen Terry, the witch, can do even that. She was positively fascinating as Nance Oldfield, at Abbey's Theatre, on Wednesday night, when she emerged from her dressing-room, bent on disillusioning the young man who had hitherto worshiped the great *tragedienne* at a distance. It was rare comedy to see the queenly Miss Terry with her blonde fringe twisted up—in what, for all I know, may have been the woman's page from the last number of *ONCE A WEEK*—tripping out in a flighty manner to greet her young adorer, sitting jauntily with crossed legs on the rail of the little landing, and—believe it, if you can—whistling! The young man was dreadfully "cut up" when he saw his divinity in this guise—*au naturel*, as he was led to believe. The audience, however, did not agree with him, the rounds and rounds of applause which greeted Miss Terry's witty acting attesting unmistakably the popularity of the delightful role of Nance Oldfield. I advise every one who can to see her in this delicious little comedy.

Being mindful of my obligations to the readers of *ONCE A WEEK*, I paid special attention to the dresses and bonnets seen in the theatres last week. There must be unlimited rejoicing in male circles over the present favorite style of headgear for evening wear. I noticed a great preponderance of the dainty little trifles—one could hardly call them hats—consisting merely of a wreath of twisted velvet, ornamented in front with a velvet bow, a cluster of ospreys, a lace butterfly, or decorations in jet and steel, according to the fancy of the wearer. These novel confections of millinery form a charming compromise between hats and no hats, giving just the right finish and touch of color to the head, while, at the same time, revealing the entire arrangement of the hair, the top of the head being, of course, quite visible.

Nothing could be uglier than the stiffly pointed spirals of velvet which some milliners pose at each side of a hat, giving the instantaneous impression of horns. This effect was exaggerated to a degree bordering on absurdity in a hat of tur-



their decoration. Lace, velvet, satin, beads, jets, ribbon, any of these may be employed with good effect to secure a becoming result. A simple and stylish arrangement of lace is shown in the illustration No. 1. The lace used in the model is something quite new; the ground is black, with an elaborate design in white. It is made to outline a square yoke, and draped to fall gracefully to some distance below the waist, in front. The sleeves are of a novel shape. A last year's bodice, remodeled after this one, could be made to look quite smart.

No. 2 shows an evening-dress for a young lady. It is carried out in amber satin, with flounces of French lace and intervening rows of white silk and narrow ribbon. The low bertha bodice is gathered in at the waist and finished with a frilled basque. The full sleeves have satin bows. This charming costume is rich as well as simple, and gives a very girlish effect to the figure. Distinctly stylish is the low black velvet dress for a girl, shown in No. 3; brocaded ribbon is effectively crossed over the front of the bodice and secured on the shoulders with butterfly-bows. The chemisette and long, close sleeves are in transparent lace. Light blue stockings, in open-work lisle thread, and shoes in patent-leather, with ribbon bows, complete this dainty frock.

The second cut shows three house-gowns in the newest designs. The first one consists of a plain skirt over which is worn a *négligé* blouse of light green serpentine chiffon. The body of the blouse is overlaid with black point d'esprit net, closely gathered, the part over the yoke being unlined. The sleeves are very *bouffante*, and finished with a frill of chiffon overlaid with net. The middle figure wears a truly lovely *négligé* of heliotrope pink surah silk. It is made in the form of a wrapper gathered at the throat and waist, where it is confined with bands of dark heliotrope velvet. A circular skirt is attached to the body of the dress several inches below the hips, and the joining is concealed by a full double box-plaiting. The effect of sloping shoulders is produced by shirring the sleeves for six or eight inches below the shoulder seam. The deep, square collar ends, the epaulets, and the lower half of the sleeves, are done in dark heliotrope velvet.

The figure on the stairs is clad in the very freshest and daintiest of morning costumes. The skirt of light blue striped silk is finished with a pinked-out foot-ruffle. The jacket, which is the important part, and may be worn separately over any skirt, is of light blue cashmere, with accordion-plated epaulets, and a double collar, joined with a band of lace insertion. The jacket is shirred into a yoke of heavy cream lace, and tied in at the waist with cream ribbon in a satin and silk stripe. The sleeves are made in two large puffs, finished with an accordion-plated ruffle set in under a band of the lace insertion. These three beautiful gowns were seen at Simpson and Crawford's.

In things of the household, I have heard of two novelties which have just appeared. One is a Japanese lamp-shade, woven of fine straw, the prevailing tone being of unbleached Tuscan, with decorations in many colors. Some of these shades are in very curious shapes, and though not exactly beautiful, are highly suitable for lamps having bases of twisted iron in grotesque designs, such as are now shown in all the lamp shops.

The second novelty consists of utensils in pewter, such as were used in the last century. There is quite a *furor* among collectors for such articles just now, and as the run on the genuine old pieces has exhausted the supply, modern metal workers are employing their ingenuity to manufacture new ones. In many respects these are every bit as good as the models from which their designs are copied, and it is now quite a fad to possess a tankard or flagon or ewer or some other vessel in pewter. The real relics of antiquity made of this metal are fetching extraordinary high prices in Paris. There is a chance for impecunious possessors of such heirlooms to turn a good penny by putting them on the market as *bibelots*.

Gwendolen Gay

A RARE opportunity to buy cheap finery attracted a crowd of well-dressed women and men to Judge Shipman's court-room on Thursday, at noon, when a quantity of the beautiful creations of Worth, Felix, Doucet, Pingat and other leading Parisian modistes were sold by the customs authorities to the highest bidders. The goods were seized on *La Touraine*, on November 28, in the baggage of leading local dressmakers. The various bits of finery were displayed on either side of the bench, and when put up at auction called out some lively bidding. A Mr. George Brown bought most of the handsome gowns, but some of the ladies present had the infinite satisfaction of carrying off smaller articles, such as capes, gloves and dressing-jackets, which were had remarkably cheap. None of the prices realized were high, from fifty to one hundred and sixty dollars being about the range of bids offered. Similar garments could not be had at Stearn's or Altman's for double the money.

AN interesting action was recently brought up in the London courts by Lady Mabel Sievier, wife of R. S. Sievier, and only sister of the Marquis of Ailsbury, against James Crosby, to recover a number of love-letters written by her to Mr. Crosby prior to her marriage to Mr. Sievier. The defendant having proved that the Lady Mabel had accused him of trying to marry her for her money, was held by the judge to be justified in holding the love-letters. What a comedy life is! Lovers one day, and the next ready to olaw each other's eyes out. How can one help growing cynical, with such evidences before one of the mutability of human affections!

THE history of Mr. G. R. Tyler, the new Lord Mayor of London, recalls that of the immortal Dick Whittington, and carries an instructive lesson for boys. At the age of fourteen young Tyler started in life as a poor messenger in the great paper-making house of William Venable. The boy gradually advanced in position, and finally became the head of the great manufacturing concern. His wealth, to-day, is estimated at upward of two million pounds. He expends large sums in charity, and has been the means of helping many poor boys, such as he once was himself, to better their condition.

THE Englishwoman has got a new feather in her cap. It is announced that in future young ladies will be employed at the Bank of England. What a promotion! Coming just now, after the shock which the nation suffered over the defalcations of Cashier May, the new order of things looks like a marked compliment to the weaker sex, as well as an implied rebuke to the stronger. One does not often hear of female embezzlers. Whether it is for reasons of conscience or cowardice, matters little to the public, which only wants to be sure of its money, and doesn't care what the motives may be that insure its safety.

GASTRONOMY has an organ all its own, in Paris, in the shape of a newspaper, called *Le Pot au Feu*, which is devoted exclusively to culinary matters. Valuable recipes are constantly furnished in the columns of this paper, as well as editorial expressions on the properties of different kinds of food, and on other matters germane to the subject. *Le Pot au Feu* is, of course, the favorite journal of the gourmand.

GIRLS! listen to this. A certain woman, who shall be nameless, once had the opportunity to watch a man choosing a hat at a fashionable hatter's on Broadway. To the average female eye men's hats look all alike, but, as a matter of fact, there appears to be considerable art in selecting a hat with just the right curve of brim to suit the wearer. This particular purchaser was seen to possess a more fastidious taste than ever woman who wore out her milliner's patience trying on bonnets. He went through a round dozen of hats, critically examining the effect of each, with the help of a hand-glass, before finally making up his mind as to which he would honor with his choice. And yet men would have us believe they are supremely indifferent to the fluctuations of fashion. The hypocrites!

THE Northern Pacific Railroad Company filed a petition at Milwaukee, last week, asking for a new receivership, and charging Receiver Oakes, Henry Villard and R. G. Rolston with wrecking the corporation for personal gain.

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quoise-blue velvet, seen in one of the theatres last week. The trimming was shaped exactly like a cow's horns, and was so remarkable that the unfortunate wearer was an unconscious butt of ridicule for those who sat behind her. It surely ought not to be difficult for women of the most ordinary taste to be able to distinguish between appropriate and becoming novelties and the hideous monstrosities occasionally offered as such by dealers who are only intent on gain.

There seems to be a quite endless scope for originality in the trimming of bodices. Every possible pretty material is used for

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free, by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.

ENGLISH NOTIONS.

WE have all heard stories about the conservative customs of the English people, but very few understand just how fixed and unalterable they really are.

Talk about the Medes and Persians! The family of an English squire, or landowner of the "upper middle class," would far surpass them in their own particular line. If some of our happy-go-lucky Americans should be, by chance, a visitor, no doubt both parties would be horrified: for in almost every particular their customs would clash.

One thing you may understand, and that is, the English people believe their own ways the best possible, and while you may yield to them, they will never even dream of yielding to you. Of course they have the advantage of long centuries of precedent, and in many respects their social methods are well worth copying, and our numerous "anglomaniacs" show good taste by their admiration of "Old Country ways."

Especially sensible are their plans for inviting and entertaining visitors who are admitted to a home acquaintance. In the first place, you are never asked to "come and see us some time," but to come on a certain day of the month or week, and stay a certain length of time, usually one week.

You must accept or decline at once, but having made the engagement there is nothing but sickness or death that will excuse you.

Usually the lady of the house incloses with her invitation a card telling the time of trains or coaches, and the wise guest plans to reach the house some time between the hours of four and six o'clock.

When you arrive you are not taken at once to your room, as with us, but must

remove your wraps in the hall and go to the parlor or drawing-room.

This is not a pleasant fashion, for very few people look presentable after a journey.

No doubt the room will be full of company, for this is the witching hour of afternoon tea, and then do friends and callers congregate.

There you remain until time to dress for dinner, which, in country houses, is the great climax of the day's pleasures.

Company dinners are, in these days, very much the same in all good society, and those of England differ but little from our own. You are expected to converse with each and every guest, without introduction, and, in particular, to entertain the one who sits next you at table. This is upon the theory that all your host's friends are, for the time, your own.

Luncheons, or luncheon-parties, as they are often called, are a special "English woman's institution." Many families that are not rich enough to entertain by dinners, or evening parties, give famous little lunches that are at once delightful and informal. But these are also served according to rule. For example, at a luncheon you may not have soup, but fish is allowable. If you have two kinds of meat, one must be boiled; although, to most tastes, meat that is boiled is good for nothing but hash. How much more so if it is boiled fowl or turkey. The proper thing, in reality, is roast saddle of mutton, or, sometimes, lamb. With mutton you must have currant jelly; with lamb, mint sauce.

Two vegetables only are allowed, and a dessert of fruit. Nothing else but tarts, or, perhaps, light puddings, or trifles.

The American housewife prides herself on having a continual variety, but her English sister frowns it down and serves the same orthodox lunch, day after day, and year after year.

You must present yourself some time before the hour of luncheon, but to a dinner you must come at the exact hour. After both you must remain an hour or two, leaving with the most distinguished, or eldest guest.

The calling hour are from four to six, and the fashion is a rigid one. If a lady goes without her husband, she sends up her own, and leaves two of her husband's cards upon the hall table, one being for the lady, the other for the master of the house. If the lady is not at home the three cards are left.

In the delightful stories of English society life we hear a great deal about the shooting-parties at country houses.

These are unknown among us, unless with a very few nabobs of the older States. We are always ready to sympathize with the poor people who cannot go out and shoot when and where they please.

But it must be remembered that there is a great expense attending the game-keeping in such a thickly settled country. The landowners must hire keepers and guard the nests, feed the young birds, and so on, and thus provide work for numbers of men and boys. They give most of the rabbits and other ground game to their tenants, and allow many of them a fair portion of other kinds. So, in truth, they are certainly maintaining a great poultry-yard, and feel just as our farmers do when the chicken-thief is abroad.

When a gentleman is invited for a day's shooting, he must always be the keeper who leads the party. If he shoots anything he must turn it over to the game-bag of his host, as everything shot on his preserves is considered his property. Some very great landowners send all their extra game to market.

But, at Christmas and other holiday times, the owner sends presents of game to many of his friends and neighbors.

A hamper of game, fruit and vegetables: a leg of lamb, a shoulder of mutton, or a fine home-cured ham is a common gift from a rich friend to a poor one, and surely nothing could be more useful and welcome.

English people are noted for their common sense, and while some of their customs strike us as needlessly blunt and matter-of-fact, they are certainly reasonable and, on the whole, worthy of admiration. We have no patience with the present craze for everything that is English, but we must praise what we find worthy, wherever we find it.

BLACK DIAMONDS.

A GREAT factor in the growth of our country is coal. In 1820 anthracite was first used, only a few hundred tons being mined by the primitive methods. Since then its value has been appreciated, and the present annual output is nearly fifty million tons.

It is hard to imagine what fuel could have been found available to cause the great development that has taken place since then if the Pennsylvania anthracite coal fields had not been discovered. Some of the larger mines branch off into galleries aggregating nearly sixty miles, and

are sunk to great depths—often leading out under the beds of rivers.

The first operation in opening up a vein of coal is the one of drilling and blasting, the miners then breaking it out and loading it on cars, which are drawn to the shaft by mules. These animals thrive well in the underground depths. The driver is generally a hardy youngster, himself destined to become a miner in the not distant future.

From this stage on modern methods have devised machinery for all requirements. When the loaded cars are hoisted up the shaft, they are wheeled up the breaker, a great dust-begrimed structure on trestles, from the top of which the coal is dumped in the crushers and broken into the various sizes, each size descending through a chute to the pickers, who separate the slate from the coal. The waste slate and coal dust form great heaps, and are a notable feature about the coal fields.

Great trains carry the output to the seaboard, where it is distributed from the terminal docks, being loaded on barges for home consumption and seagoing vessels for distant points.—(See page 4.)

THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION.

SUCCESS has so far smiled on the efforts made by the promoters of the California Midwinter Fair to place that event in line with the notable international expositions of the world. The work of organizing this great enterprise was no light one, and great credit is due to Mr. M. H. De Young and the gentlemen associated with him on the representative committee, for the splendid results that have so far attended their labors.

The great interest taken in the project by the people of California was sufficiently attested by the promptness with which the necessary funds were raised. The decision to hold the fair was made on the first day of June, and in three months' time the sum required to meet expenses had been put up, and all preliminary arrangements with regard to the site and necessary constructions completed. On the 25th of August, ground was broken in Golden Gate Park, sixty acres of which had been reserved as a site for the exhibition.

While not pretending to approach in vastness, beauty or importance the great Columbian Exposition, the Fair Commissioners nevertheless confidently promise visitors attractions of a kind that would have been impossible in Chicago. The great climatic advantages of the country will be utilized to form one of the most pleasurable features of the exposition. It will no doubt be a delightful change for strangers from the cold and ice-bound northern States and Canada, or the chilly and foggy countries of Northern Europe, to find themselves, in midwinter, in a land blooming with a marvelous profusion of rare and lovely flowers. The horticultural display is not reasonably expected to surpass anything of the kind ever exhibited.

Besides the five principal buildings, of which an idea can be formed from the illustrations on page 18, numerous smaller ones will be erected by various counties of the State, and by the foreign colonies in San Francisco. Nothing which wealth, energy and enterprise can do is being left undone by the prosperous and progressive citizens of the Golden State to make their great venture a success.

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33D YEAR.

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In recognition of the pre-eminent skill of the chief consulting physician of this Institute, W. H. Parker, M.D., the Board of Officers of the National Medical Association, on Jan. 1, 1876, conferred upon him his gold and jeweled medal, accompanied by a series of flattering resolutions for the prize essay ("The Science of Life or Self Preservation") on nervous maladies. The presentation was noticed at the time of its occurrence, not only by the Boston press, but by all leading journals throughout the country.

William H. Parker, M.D., may be consulted in person or by mail at the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

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